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HIS MAJESTY NASR-ED-DIN, THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

From a Photograph by F. C. Schaarcüchter, Berlin, Photographer to the Emperor of Germany.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Whether the persons who "deny the existence of Providence and believe in the B. W." are increasing or not, the B. W. (British Workman) comes certainly more and more to the front. Some of us who toil with our brains, though not with our hands—and especially those of us who spin stories, as spiders threads, out of our interiors—object to the title of "working man" being monopolised by the B. W. We work, we say, as hard as he does, and on St. Monday too, as well as the other days in the week, and are quite as deserving of consideration. This is no doubt the case, and a great deal of nonsense is talked about the virtues of the B. W. by those whom John Morley calls the "professional philanthropists"; but, nevertheless, the hand-workers have one solid ground of complaint, which the brain-workers have not, in their too many hours of labour. It is no wonder that they should be angry with the Government for forbidding our delegates abroad to discuss this question, for it is the one that above all others affects them. In almost all callings which do not demand special skill, excess of toil means excess of gain often to the employed and always to the employer; and this it is which makes the redressing of what is no doubt a grievous wrong so exceedingly difficult. A man who can toil for twelve hours a day at unskilled labour will always be worth more both to himself and his master than he who can toil for only ten; beyond that, unless the toil is very light indeed, greed fails in its end, for with every hour the work grows more and more valueless, though there are, unhappily, found masters to task their fellow-creatures beyond their powers, and slaves to endure it. But the brain-worker is never so worked, simply because he cannot be so; in his case Nature gives out much sooner, and he has, therefore, so far, to be thankful. While it lasts his occupation is much more enthralling, takes much more "out of him," as it is called, than in the other's case; but after certain hours it is over, and cannot be prolonged beyond them. The duration here, too, is one of degree, but in inverse ratio to the intellectual character of the work. The imaginative powers can bear a strain on them for what is comparatively only a very short time—at most for four or five hours; beyond that, to work—in the long run, for when our work grows bad our pay grows bad—is not only no gain, but positive loss. There are other kinds of intellectual work, of course, but not of so exacting a character, to which some of us are then compelled to turn; but the change itself is a relief, and almost a relaxation. Others are so fortunate as not to be thus compelled: when they have done their tale of work they can throw up their caps and run out of school; every day to them is a half-holiday, which every man who is wise knows is much better than a whole one. In a more or less degree, this may be said of all brain-workers; few professional men—except lawyers, some of whom, through mere love of lucre, work all day and half the night—either do or can toil so long as the artisan, the shopman, and the 'bus cad; the B. W., indeed, who has an independent spirit, would resent perhaps being comprehended in the above category; but, speaking generally, what gives his "betters" (as he loathes to have them called) their advantage over him is that, however hard they may work while they do work, they have, after work is over, leisure; which is too often denied to him.

One bad result of excessive toil has been to confuse, in those who have undergone it, the number of hours spent in work with the work itself. I am told by some who profess to represent the B. W. in the County Council that he is too apt to consider one man's work, so long as he is at it for the same time, as good as another's, but not (like the famous Irish comparison) "and a deal better too." He has no notion even of its being of more importance. He cannot, for example, conceive that the work of the business manager of a great factory may be "worth" twenty times that of one of its ordinary hands. He believes, since six pounds a week is the extreme limit of his pecuniary experience, that no man's work can be worth more than £300 a year. This is foolish, of course, for Time is not always Money; but the confusion of hours of work with its value is by no means confined to the "labouring classes." Half the good people who race to their offices or chambers in the morning, by steam, or cab, or 'bus, as if their livelihood depended on their getting there at 9.59, and stay there till dewy eve, do not exhaust themselves with toil. They flirt with the newspaper, and toy with the paper-knife, and "frivol" in one way or the other considerably, notwithstanding that they tell us that have not had "a moment to spare," and pose (with what little strength is left in them, poor fellows!) before their wives and families at home as breadwinners that have earned their worship indeed. There is an enormous amount of humbug talked about "over-work" (and sedulously cultivated by the doctors) in our business and professional classes; while, on the other hand, many of those beneath them are really worked to the bone.

The Chinese nation, commonly known as "the vanguard of civilisation," has found a rival in its neighbour Japan. A philanthropist, one Boku, it seems, of late existed in the latter country, who was naturally regarded by a paternal government as something dangerous to the State. He was rich, and yet gave his money away (a circumstance, it must be admitted, sufficient to arouse suspicion anywhere), and was idolised by the surrounding poor. Some months ago a poll-tax was imposed upon these unfortunate creatures, the whole of which he paid out of his private fortune—a circumstance which, to the official mind, filled the cup of his iniquities to the brim. Like the 'bus-conductor in Hood's poem, who, speaking of a person who had defrauded the company and been detected, says, "For, being so particular religious, why *that*, you see, put master on his guard," Boku's philanthropy had long been against him, and this overt act determined the Government to put an end to him. They therefore empowered (as in Billy

Taylor's case, only more so) "Four hundred brisk young fellows, all of them with umbrellas," and also swords—in fact, policemen—to beat poor Boku to death; which was accordingly accomplished. It is only these "highly civilised" nations, "with a fine perception of colour," that really understand the art of "stamping out" things—such as philanthropy, for instance.

The question whether the translation of novels, and the writing of travels, can be properly called "business" has come before a court of law. Someone in the chemical line has sued his partner for neglecting his trade and breaking his articles, which prohibited his going into any other business, by engaging in the above literary pursuits. It seems hard that a gentleman who feels rather surfeited with the smell of drugs should not take the air on Hymettus (or other poetical elevation) in his hours of leisure, and certainly nobody can accuse anybody of greed who translates a story from the French, for sale. A street-crossing in the suburbs is more remunerative, and, in summer weather, lighter work. The Judge seems to have been in doubt about the matter in question; but I have known people call their occupation "business" on (so to speak) less provocation. With some gentlemen in the City it is, of course, a serious thing—one they regard with as great gravity and infinitely greater attention than the Church service—but others call it, with a quite startling familiarity, "biz." (I have noticed, by-the-way, that "biz" and "fiz" go as much together as though required by the exigencies of rhyme.) "Good business," too, by no means always signifies a thriving trade in a public thoroughfare, but sometimes a single operation of very moderate importance, such as the exchanging one's old hat for a new one on leaving the halls of fashion. In old times the word implied much more, and at the same time much less, than at present. It was always associated with high desks, red wafers, and a superfluity of blotting-paper. It had a literature of its own, beginning with "We beg to acknowledge your favour of the — inst.," and ending with "We have the honour to remain your obedient servants." But "business," and that on a large scale, is now transacted in a hundred other ways; it is often carried on between principals, without any assistants, and the details are merely jotted down in a note-book with a metallic pencil, or even on a gentleman's shirt-cuff. The latter plan, though highly convenient, has, however, its disadvantages; and I have known £500 (during Ascot week) to be lost in the wash.

If there is a class of people in the world which deserves to be called first-class, it is our railway guards; they are the civillest persons in the country, without excepting the Aristocracy and the Church, and exhibit more tact in dealing with difficult (but not always delicate) questions than many a diplomatist with £8000 a year. The poet who found his warmest welcome at an inn would have had, it is certain, a compliment (though probably no "tip") for the railway guard, had circumstances permitted an acquaintance with him. To my mind, indeed, it is quite shocking to find that there are bad railway guards; but it seems it is so. Two of them have been sent to prison for stealing; it is fair to say, however, that it was not a vulgar robbery—they "prigg'd" a Countess's diamonds—and it had in it an element of romance. Guard No. 1 was the tempter, and casually observed to No. 2, in charge of the luggage department, that "if he fancied any luggage had got any 'stuff' [jewellery] in it he was to give three rings on the bell, and he would send him a bunch of keys that would open any lock in Christendom." The railway train is, we know, a world in miniature, wherein everything goes on, even (I am told) to love-making, just as though the people in it were not locomotive; but except a murder or two, and cheating at cards, it was supposed to be free from crime. That musical little "ting, ting" of the guard's bell has hitherto been only associated with some measure taken for our safety; for the future it will not be so, and there goes another illusion.

Suppose a poor novelist, driven to his wits' end for a new situation, placed his gang of desperadoes in the top floor of a disused manufactory in a London suburb; that he gave them no stairs, so that they were compelled to reach their eyrie from the tops of the neighbouring houses; that he described their principal article of food as birds, which roosted on the vast roof, and were shot by catapults, with bullets taken from the lead piping, and their means of livelihood as burglary, the critics would say it was a monstrous conception, and incredible to any person of common-sense. Yet this is exactly what has happened at Hackney Wick. The burglarious band was youthful, and I have no doubt it will presently be said were corrupted by reading fiction. Moreover, if the storyteller were to make use of these materials *now* the critics would say, "Yah, he took that out of the newspaper!" Upon the whole one must own the poor novelist's position is not a happy one, and has some claim upon the commiseration of the gentle reader.

If we were to believe everything the sanitarians tell us, domestic life would be as full of perils as the "tented field." A good many of our ancestors must have died of "blood-poisoning"—as M. Jourdain talked prose—without having the satisfaction of knowing it. It is also just possible that a good many of their descendants have died—in the same happy ignorance—from draughts, produced by the "best method of ventilation," but that is by the way. Poison has been found to lurk in the bowl, even of porridge; coffee, though "a slow poison," is notoriously deadly; tea is more quickly fatal; water is, of course, the chief method Nature employs for diminishing the population; and it has now been discovered that milk from the cow is the most dangerous sort of milk. It "develops tyrotoxicon"; and after a statement of that kind comment seems to be unnecessary. A member of the notorious "bacterium" family is, as might be expected, at the bottom of it. He is very partial, it seems, to ice creams (which is not to be wondered at); but "milk from the cow" is his natural home. At one time this was

thought to be wholesome, and even adapted for babes in the absence of their maternal parent. There is a story of a gentleman who defended himself from the charge of habitual intoxication upon the ground that for a whole year he had lived on milk. "It must have been milk-punch, then," replied his adversary, bitterly; "you have always drunk poison." "No; for a whole year I drank no poison, as you call it; I drank milk—it was my first year!" This reply can no longer be held conclusive. The milk may have been milk from the cow, in which case he might still have drunk poison—tyrotoxicon.

BETROTHAL OF PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES TO THE EARL OF FIFE.

Her Majesty's subjects and friends, the whole of her good and loyal people, have learnt with much gratification that, with the consent of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales have given their sanction to the engagement of Princess Louise, eldest daughter of their Royal Highnesses, to a marriage with the Earl of Fife. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters, went to Windsor on Thursday, June 27, and visited the Queen, when her Majesty formally gave her consent to the engagement. On the receipt of the news at Marlborough House, the fact was at once communicated to the household, and the Marquis of Salisbury also was officially informed. The Earl of Fife was received by her Majesty at Windsor Castle the same evening.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday, July 2, a Message from the Queen formally announced the intended marriage, and the First Lord of the Treasury gave notice of a motion to grant a suitable pecuniary provision for the Royal bride. It was understood that the marriage would take place on Saturday, July 27, and that the newly-married couple would pass some part of their honeymoon at Upper Sheen House, Richmond, and would shortly afterwards depart for Scotland.

Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar is the eldest daughter and third child of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness was born at Marlborough House on Feb. 20, 1867, and is a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

The Earl of Fife (Alexander William George Duff) and Baron Skene, of Skene, in the United Kingdom, Viscount Macduff and Baron Braco, of Kilbryde, county Cavan, in Ireland, was born on Nov. 10, 1849. He succeeded his father (James, the fifth Earl) on Aug. 7, 1879, and was created an Earl of the United Kingdom in 1885. Lord Fife is Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Elgin. He sat as Viscount Macduff in the House of Commons from 1874 to 1879 as representative for Elgin and Nairn, and in politics he is a Liberal Unionist. He was for some time Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and in 1882 he went on a special mission to the King of Saxony. He is also a member of the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster, and partner in the banking firm of Sir Samuel Scott and Co. His Lordship, however, is one of the largest landed proprietors in Scotland, and owns extensive estates in Elgin, Banff, and Aberdeen, his rental being between £70,000 and £80,000 a year; but he has recently been disposing of considerable portions of his estates. He is popular as a landlord. His Lordship's town residence is 4, Cavendish-square, and his seats are: Duff House, Balvenie Castle, and Auchintoul, Banffshire; Innes House, Moray; Cariston, Forfarshire; Mar Lodge, Delgaty Castle, and Skene, Aberdeenshire. He is also a member of the Reform Club, Brooks's, White's, Turf, and the Devonshire Club.

The Earl of Fife traces his descent back to 1404. In 1735 William Duff was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland by the Queen-Regent Caroline as Baron Braco, and he was advanced to a viscounty and earldom in 1759 by the titles of Viscount Macduff and Earl Fife. His son James, the second Earl, was created a Peer of Great Britain in 1790 as Baron Fife. James, the fourth Earl, distinguished himself during the Peninsular War, having volunteered his services and obtained the rank of Major-General in the Spanish patriotic army, being twice wounded. He died in 1857, and was succeeded in the Irish honours (the barony of the United Kingdom becoming extinct) by his nephew James, the fifth Earl, who was created a Peer of the United Kingdom in 1857, and a Knight of the Thistle in 1860. He married, in 1846, Lady Agnes Hay, daughter of the seventeenth Earl of Erroll. That lady died in 1869, having had issue Alexander (the present Lord Fife) and four daughters, the eldest of whom was married, in 1865, to the fifth Marquis Townshend.

Duff House, the principal seat of the Earl of Fife, is situated close to the quiet county town of Banff, near the outlet of the river Deveron into the Moray Firth. It is a fine mansion, with its grounds and trees, and the building has some architectural grandeur. Fluted columns of the Corinthian and composite orders support cornices adorned with elaborate and beautiful carvings, and with statues, and otherwise ornamented. The library is a well-proportioned room 70 ft. in length. It is stored with thousands of choice volumes; there are also fine collections of portraits of eminent persons, and an extensive collection of Roman and British coins and medals. The house commands a noble prospect of the ocean and the bridge of seven arches over the river Deveron. From the south there is an extensive view of the country, and the pleasure grounds along the banks of the river. The park, which contains parts of two counties and four parishes, is fourteen miles in circumference, the walks, of great extent, winding along the banks of the Deveron. A mile east of Duff House, across the river, is the fishing-town and seaport of Macduff, in which the Fife family have taken a deep interest. In 1732, it is stated, there were only a few fishermen's houses; but before the close of the eighteenth century the population amounted to about a thousand, a harbour capable of admitting vessels of limited tonnage, as well as fishing-boats, being provided. A peculiarity of the town of Macduff is that the lands in the vicinity have been let in perpetual leases on very moderate terms. The town, which now contains a population of about three thousand, has an air of comfort and prosperity. About twenty years ago the harbour was very largely improved. In the carrying out of these works the present Earl, then Viscount Macduff, took an active personal interest.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress on July 1 held a reception of about five hundred foreign delegates to the World's Sunday-School Convention, whose first session opened at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, on July 2.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House, on July 1, in support of the Pasteur Institute. A letter was read from the Prince of Wales, in which he said a visit to the institute had convinced him of the great value of M. Pasteur's method. Several eminent physicians and scientists addressed the meeting, and resolutions were adopted in favour of funds to provide substantial aid for the Pasteur Institute, and to pay expenses for needy persons who might require to proceed to Paris for treatment.

THE QUEEN

AT THE WINDSOR AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

On Thursday, June 27, her Majesty the Queen, President this year of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, visited its great show in Windsor Park.

At twenty minutes past four in the afternoon, the Royal party, in three open carriages each drawn by four grey horses, with footmen and grooms in scarlet and gold liveries, and with an escort of the 1st Life Guards, entered the Showyard. Her Majesty was received by Mr. Jacob Wilson, honorary director of the show, and by the officials of the Royal Agricultural Society.

A procession was formed, which was headed by Mr. Jacob Wilson on horseback, with two outriders. The first Royal carriage contained her Majesty the Queen, who wore black, with the gold badge of President of the Society; the Princess of Wales, wearing a brocade costume of very dark green, with figuring of lighter green; Princess Beatrice, in black; and Princess Christian in her favourite mauve. The Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, in frock-coats and black silk hats, rode beside the Royal carriage, behind which rode a number of gentlemen connected with the Household, wearing the uniform, blue swallow-tail coat with red collar, and grey trousers. In the second carriage rode Princess Maud of Wales, Princess Louise of Prussia, and the two daughters of Princess Christian. The third carriage was occupied by members of the Queen's Household.

Her Majesty was conducted to the handsomely fitted Royal box in the centre of the grand stand, where she soon appeared with the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice on either hand, and was cordially cheered. The proceedings began with the presentation of the Council of the Society to her Majesty, this duty being undertaken by the Prince of Wales. The first member so presented was the Duke of Richmond; after him came a number of others, with Mr. Wilson Bennison, the surveyor who laid out the yard, Mr. Ernest Clarke, the secretary, and Mr. Jacob Wilson, the hon. director of the show, who were presented to her Majesty. (Mr. Jacob Wilson has been knighted.)

Then came the parade of the prize-winning horses, the first to come into the ring being the Royal and Queen's premium thoroughbreds, to which the honours were awarded last February. All these were present except Sir Joseph, which won a premium in the class for Yorkshire, but died on May 7. The coaching stallion prize-winners and also the hackneys were much admired. The parade concluded with the prize-winning classes. With these was the white Egyptian ten-year-old Tewfik, belonging to her Majesty.

The next part of the ceremony gave immense satisfaction, as the Queen graciously presented to the fortunate winners the gold medals offered by her Majesty for the best animal in each of the horse and cattle classes. These winners included Captain W. H. Fife, Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., Mr. Thomas Kelsey, Mr. William Miles, Mr. Christopher W. Wilson, Lord Wantage, Mr. A. B. Freeman-Mitford, Mr. J. Gilmour, Mr. D. Riddell, Mr. A. J. Smith, and Mr. W. Byford. All the foregoing received the Queen's gold medals in the horse classes, whilst the following exhibitors were equally fortunate in the cattle classes: Mr. R. Thompson for shorthorns, the Earl of Coventry for Herefords, Sir William Williams for Devons, Mr. W. B. Waterlow for Sussex, Mr. William Griffiths for longhorns, Colonel Henry Platt for Welsh, Mr. Harry P. Green for red-poll, Lord Tweedmouth for Aberdeen Angus, Mr. James Cunningham for Galloways, the Duke of Sutherland for Highland cattle, Mr. Andrew Mitchell for Ayrshires, Mr. Francis Le Brocq for Jerseys, Mr. W. H. Carrington for Guernseys, the Earl of Clonmell for Keries, and Mr. Mander Allender for Dexter-Keries.

After this ceremony the Queen drove to the Royal Pavilion to take tea. She next proceeded to the working dairy, where the steward, the Hon. Cecil T. Parker, was presented to her Majesty. Here the Prince of Wales congratulated Miss S. J. Keel, of Stanton Drew, Bristol, the winner of the Queen's gold medal in the champion contest between butter-makers. It was half-past six when the Queen left the show-ground. Her Majesty was "amazed and delighted," as she said, with the exhibition which the Royal Agricultural Society had drawn together to commemorate the year of her presidency.

The attendance that day was of a most gratifying character, and promised well for the financial success of the show. Besides season-ticket holders, no less than 32,609 visitors had paid half-a-crown each for admission, greatly in excess of the numbers of preceding half-crown days.

The Queen paid her second visit to the show on Friday, June 28, in the morning. Her Majesty, who had breakfasted at Frogmore instead of at the Castle, was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Prince and Princess Christian, and was attended by Lord Henniker, the Hon. A. Yorke, General Gordon, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, Colonel Grant Gordon, and other members of the suite. The cortège consisted, as before, of several open landaus, each drawn by four greys. They drove across the park and along the side of Queen Anne's Mead to the show entrance, which was reached at half-past eleven.

The Royal visitors were again received by the Council and officials of the society, and were conducted to the Grand Stand to see the parade of the cattle. They also visited the sheep-sheds, and the prize-winning sheep were "parked" for the Queen's inspection. A move was made to the bee-tent, where Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented her Majesty with a bouquet of flowers on which bees fed. The Queen afterwards drove round the implement yard, stopping to see some of the principal stands, and to inspect the novelties to which silver medals have been given. On the way her Majesty inspected the stands of the great seed firms—Messrs. Oakshott and Millard, Messrs. Webb and Sons, Messrs. Carter and Co., and Messrs. Sutton and Sons. At Messrs. Carter's the Queen ordered a collection of the famous cross-bred wheats, which the Prince of Wales has also purchased. At Messrs. Sutton's her Majesty was presented with an elegantly bound album full of coloured plates representing the flowers supplied by the firm. A similar album was presented to the Prince of Wales.

The Queen visited the show a third time on Saturday, June 29, which was the last day it was open.

We present Illustrations of some of the prize horses and cattle. With reference to the figures in our page of engravings, No. 1, at the left-hand top corner, is Mr. Walter Gibbey's Hackney stallion "County Member." In the centre is the champion prize Shire horse "Prince William," belonging to Lord Wantage. At the right-hand top corner is "Tip-Top Shot," perhaps the most beautiful of the Hackneys, combining great strength with the quality of a thoroughbred, and great courage with perfect docility. The owner, Mr. A. Lewis, of Heacham, Norfolk, has refused £3000 for him, a large sum for a three-year-old Hackney horse. Beneath "Tip-Top" is a fine yearling Hackney colt, "County Alderman," belonging to Mr. J. N. Anthony, of Sedgeford, Norfolk. Nos. 4 and 5, below the great Shire horse, are Mr. Christopher Wilson's pony "Pomfret Wonder" and the mare "Snorer" with her foal, to both of which have been awarded the Queen's medal for the best horse and mare pony between thirteen and fourteen hands high.

With reference to the Illustrations of prize cattle, the one represented in figure No. 7 is the Highland bull "Lord of the Isles," which takes the Queen's medal, and is the property of the Duke of Sutherland. His Grace also takes a similar honour for the Highland cow. In the centre, No. 8, is her Majesty the Queen's "New Year's Gift," a beautiful shorthorned bull of one year, a marvel at his age. Just below him is "Emblem," which takes the first prize and the Queen's medal for the best red-poll heifer; she is the property of Mr. Tyssen Amherst, of Didlington Hall, Norfolk, who also takes one other first and a second for red-poll heifers. In the lower left-hand corner is one of the beautiful little Kerry cows, with her calf born in the show; and below is the fine red-poll bull "Wild Roy," which takes the highest honours for Mr. H. P. Green, of Caiston Hall, Norwich, who also takes other prizes.

In the implement classes the Society's silver medals for new appliances have been adjudged to the Aylesbury Dairy Company for a butter extractor combining the work of a separator and a churn; to Messrs. W. and T. Avery, for a self-registering steelyard; to Messrs. Corbett and Sons, for a combined root-cleaner and pulper; to Messrs. Crocker and Co., for a finger-bar for mowing machines; to Mr. J. V. Gibbons, for a new hay tedder; to Messrs. Marshall, Sons, and Co., for a chaff-cutting, sifting, riddling, and bagging machine; to Messrs. Priestman Brothers, for their portable oil engine; to Messrs. Weeks and Son, for a hop-washing machine; and to several foreign exhibitors. Among the silver medals awarded is one which has given general satisfaction—namely, that to the Strawsoniser. The name is not derived from any application of this machine to the straw of commerce, but because Mr. G. F. Strawson, of Newbury, is the inventor. It sows seed, or ejects spray, or sprinkles chemicals, or sand, or lime, or soot, with absolute regularity. At the stand of Messrs. Richard Hornsby and Sons, of Grantham, the Strawsoniser was shown to her Majesty, the construction of the machine being explained by Mr. James Hornsby, and its work by the inventor, Mr. Strawson. The Queen was much interested in this invention, and on leaving gave orders for one of the machines to be dispatched for use on the Royal farms.

IGHTHAM MOTE, KENT.

Some interest has been felt in the sale by auction of this celebrated estate of 533 acres, comprising the beautiful old fourteenth-century mansion, which is one of the most perfect specimens existing of moated dwellings. It is situated in the parish of Ightham, six miles from Sevenoaks, three from Wrotham, and within an easy drive of Tunbridge Junction. The house is said to be the best example in England of the combination of domestic convenience with the characteristics of a fortress. The following description will be read with pleasure as a commentary on our Artist's Sketches:—

Picture to yourself, if you can, the strange experience of being at one minute amid the rush and roar of a nineteenth-century railway station and the next crossing the rose-grown quadrangle of an old-timbered English mansion that dates as far back as the baronial days of Henry II. Conceive the change from the London streets, with their everlasting din and ceaseless traffic, to the dim, monastic hush of a cool and oaken-panelled refectory; from the dress and fashion and "Sunday go-to-meeting air" of our modern churches to the worm-eaten benches, deserted altar, and unused confessional of a private domestic chapel erected, "ad majorem Dei gloriam," centuries ago; from the silks and satins and trains and tan boots of the modern park to the searching silence of an old-world bowling-green; from the stifling atmosphere of a London study to the cool rest under a spreading yew that must have sheltered monks and abbots and warriors and cavaliers and lovely ladies in ruffles and farthingales whose pictures hang yet over the panelled wainscoting of the baronial hall; to accept the gracious hospitality of an English lady of our day amidst the picturesque surroundings and unbroken tradition of another age!

I do not think I was ever so thoroughly impressed with the simple dignity and indescribable charm of an old English dwelling-place as when I stood on the rose-grown quadrangle of old Ightham Mote the other morning—the new world outside, the old world within, a scent of old-fashioned flowers, a cooing of contented doves, the presence of a silence that could be almost felt, the attraction of an indescribable awe and mystery. We had been a merry party down from London—such jokes, such laughter, such droll tricks from a master of humour, that we almost forgot to change carriages at the appointed junction, and might have been carried on to Maidstone or Gravesend or anywhere else under the sun, for the day was our own. The holiday had been earned, and our merriest companion was firmly of opinion that every road and railway in Kent would eventually land him at his beloved Margate. But what a change from all the fun and frivolity, this laughter that literally made the sides ache, when, after a lovely drive through green English lanes and emerald hop-fields, past enviable parks and acres of long grass and buttercups, we dipped down into a silent hollow and found ourselves awed to silence by the lovely picture of the moated grange! The antiquary of the party at once corrected us on that score. At school we used to be told that the "nipper" of our rustic civilisation was derived from the Greek "nipto," because he *didn't* wash. Ightham Mote is *not* so called because it is wholly surrounded by water, and owns a drawbridge and swans and a moss-covered old boat and trout of enormous size, who come up to be fed by pretty girls from the library windows; but because it was once a "meeting-house" for the baronial swells of the country-side. That the house owned "a moat" was an accident; that it was a "meeting-house" was a reality.

At any rate, there we were. When the oaken clamped gate closed behind us we were in another world. The clock had been put back, and that which is had never been. Not even in the oldest college gardens of Oxford or Cambridge, not in the cloisters of Salisbury, or the hospital grounds of St. Cross at Winchester, can you get such an instant peep into the old world as in that summer quadrangle of the old-world mansion of Ightham Mote. It seemed strange that our charming hostess and her daughter should not be attired like their ancestors in the cool and flower-scented refectory. Why was it that the courteous butler was conducting us up old oak staircases and past chapels and ghost-corners, and carved chests reminiscent of the story of the "Mistletoe Bough," in the black coat and white tie of modern civilisation? He should have had a gaberdiene and a white wand, like Polonius! All our laughter was hushed, all our modern chaff evaporated, all our frivolity disappeared at the mere presence of the past in this strange and unaccustomed atmosphere of antiquity. We can all "antiquate" our houses, if I may coin such a word; we can buy tapestry from old houses and oak from old churches, and old china at sales, and old chests from Holland, and old pictures from Bond-street—but here they all were, just as they hung, just as they existed, with all their history complete, and all their antiquity untarnished from the last of the old Barons all through the

civil wars; here long before the glorious Elizabethan age of literature; here when Shakspeare might have come down for a Saturday to Monday when weary of acting; here when Charles the First's head was cut off—down through all time to the modern dawn of the Victorian era! The thought grew too much for the human mind. As Dominie Sampson would have said, it was "prodigious!"

It is open to doubt if there be any old mansion still existing in England where modern taste has been so cleverly adapted to the old-world idea as at Ightham Mote. Of course, the baronial hall is not strewn with rushes from the moat, and the servants do not sit "below the salt," and the hounds are not permitted unlimited license, but nowhere is modern luxury extravagantly and ostentatiously thrust before the eyes. There is a piano instead of a virginal in the drawing-room, and comfortable lounges are discreetly introduced among straight-backed chairs, and modern newspapers lie on the library table under the shadow of black-letter tomes, and possibly in the course of the year a lawn-tennis net is allowed to desecrate the bowling-green, and modern girls may chatter dress and fashion under the monastic yew, and the life of London may penetrate this haven of rest. Luckily it is not so to-day. We lunch in the old banqueting-hall, cool as a cellar, with the sun-kissed roses nodding in at the oriel window: we are taken to the grim corner where the skeleton was discovered among the masonry: we hear all about the ghost of Ightham Mote, who, of course, wanders about its silent passages and corridors: we step reverently over the worm-eaten planks of the disused chapel, and hear that a pretty modern maiden has chosen the old priest's "confessional room" for one of the sweetest little bed-chambers that ever was devised! What a poem for a Looker or an Austin Dobson, this maiden's bower, made from a confessional! We enter the wondrous old crypt, and we hear music in the long, low drawing-room, and peep into the sunny nurseries—lucky children, to have your imaginations illumined by such a house!—and doze over a book in the library, and feed the tame trout from a bower-window, and scent the hay and view the hops, and "gather our roses while we may," and find, alas! that "time is still a-flying," as, gathered under the immemorial yew, we whisper and whisper as the sun sinks and the day dies, and rest is over, and dreams are dead, and before us the inevitable return, by the next train, to work and toil and care in modern London!

A few historical notes may not, in conclusion, be amiss. A walk past hop-gardens and fruit orchards of about three-quarters of an hour brings us to the Mote House. It is situated in a slight hollow, and almost hidden amongst trees. To gain the entrance we have to cross the moat by a stone bridge, and pass through an old wooden gateway. We now stand in the quadrangle. The appearance of the place from this point is most impressive, from the great age that is stamped upon every part of it. The chapel is in ruins. The banqueting-hall contains the portrait of Dame Dorothy Selby, great, it is said, at all kinds of needlework, some of which is shown in the heavy and curiously worked hangings that adorn the hall. The earliest record of the place appears to date from the reign of Henry II., when it was in the possession of Ivo de Haut. It remained in his family until the third year of the reign of Richard III., when, the then owner having engaged in treasonable correspondence with the Duke of Buckingham in favour of the Earl of Richmond, he was attainted and his estates confiscated. Immediately after the estate was given by King Richard to Robert Brackenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, and that year Sheriff of this county. Brackenbury, however, did not hold it long, for at the battle of Bosworth he was killed with his master, and the Earl of Richmond, becoming King, reversed the attainder of Richard Hant and restored the Moat to him. It remained in his family until the latter end of the reign of Henry VII., when it appears to have been in the possession of Sir Richard Clement. The Clements held it for some time, until it was brought by marriage to Hugh Pakenham, who subsequently passed it away to Sir John Allen, who was of the Privy Council to Henry VIII., and Lord Mayor of London in the years 1526 and 1536. It was sold by the Allen family to Sir William Selby in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It has remained in the Selby family ever since.

This delightful historic property is to be offered for sale by the Messrs. Hampton, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, on Wednesday, July 31, by direction of the executors of the late Mr. Charles Selby Bigge.

C. S.

THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

Our readers have seen many former Illustrations of the efforts that are being made to repress this cruel and outrageous system, and to relieve its suffering victims. We have received from Mr. W. J. Frost, of H.M.S. *Garnet*, lately at Zanzibar, a few sketches, one of which is now presented. It shows a group of rescued slaves outside the house of the Church Mission at Zanzibar; the most intelligent of these are trained as Gospel teachers, and are then sent into Central Africa to teach their benighted countrymen.

Colonel R. N. Kingscote, C.B., Commissioner of Woods and Forests, has been made a K.C.B.

At the half-yearly audit of Lord Penrhyn's Welsh estates an abatement of 10 per cent. was granted on the rentals.

The fourteenth triennial festival of the Diocesan Choral Association for the Improvement of Parochial Choirs was held on June 27 at Lichfield, the choirs numbering nearly 1000 voices. Dr. Martin, of St. Paul's Cathedral, presided at the organ, and an orchestra of fifty-six performers assisted. The sermon was preached by Dean Hole, of Rochester.

The cricket match at Lord's of the M.C.C. and Ground with Oxford University terminated in a draw. At Gloucester the home team won a victory over Yorkshire by 93 runs. The match at Eton, between Eton and Winchester Schools, was won by Winchester by 114 runs. On July 2 Cambridge University won the match against Oxford by an innings and 105 runs, and Lancashire defeated Gloucestershire by an innings and 95 runs. The match at Old Trafford between Lancashire and Surrey resulted in the defeat of the latter county by an innings and 48 runs.

With reference to an article entitled "In a City Garden," which appeared in our last issue, describing the garden surrounding the Tower of London, we are informed that it was laid out by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association last year, at a cost of about £1000, after having obtained the Queen's gracious permission to allow it to be opened to the public. The association also maintains the garden.—By way of experiment in beautifying the paved open spaces of London, the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, with the sanction of the First Commissioner of Works, has placed in the two upper corners of Trafalgar-square large banks of flowering and foliage plants, which will be renewed from time to time as occasion may require during the next three months, in order that they may always present a bright and attractive appearance. The work has been undertaken by Mr. J. E. Child, Nurseryman, of 130, Lewisham-high-road, S.E.

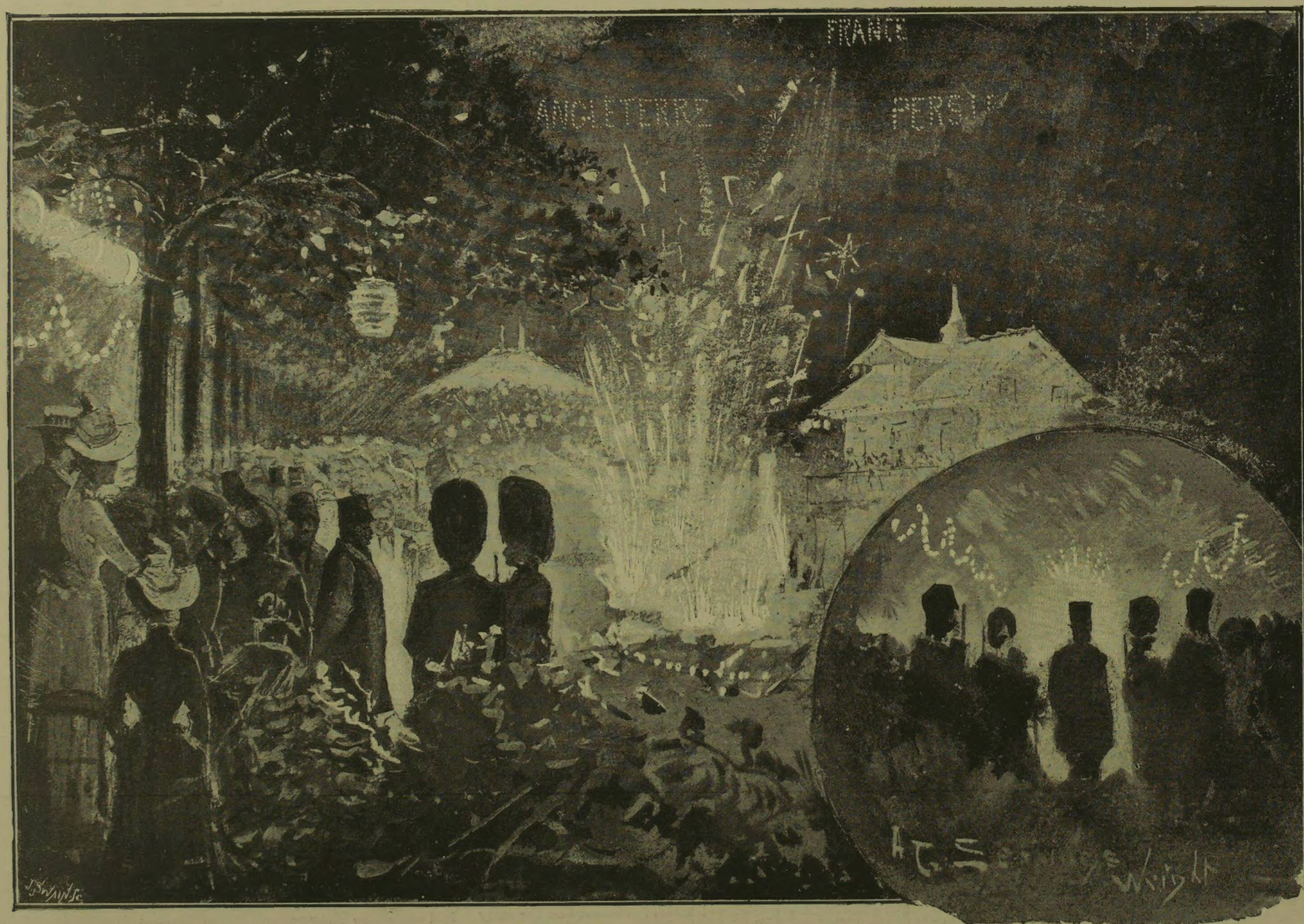
THE SHAH OF PERSIA AT SPA, IN BELGIUM.



THE SHAH: SKETCHED FROM LIFE AT SPA.

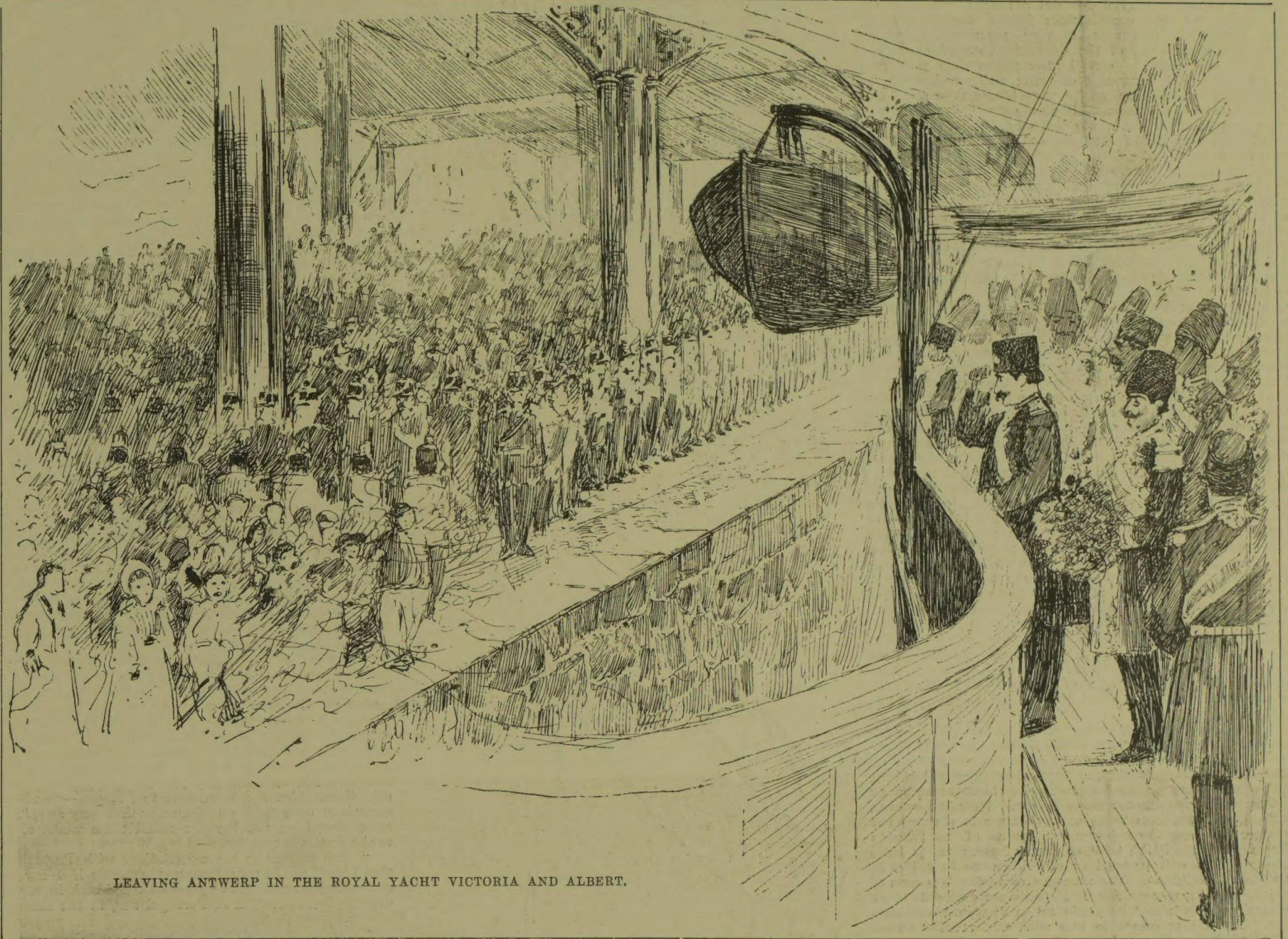


THE SHAH AT THE THEATRE, SPA.

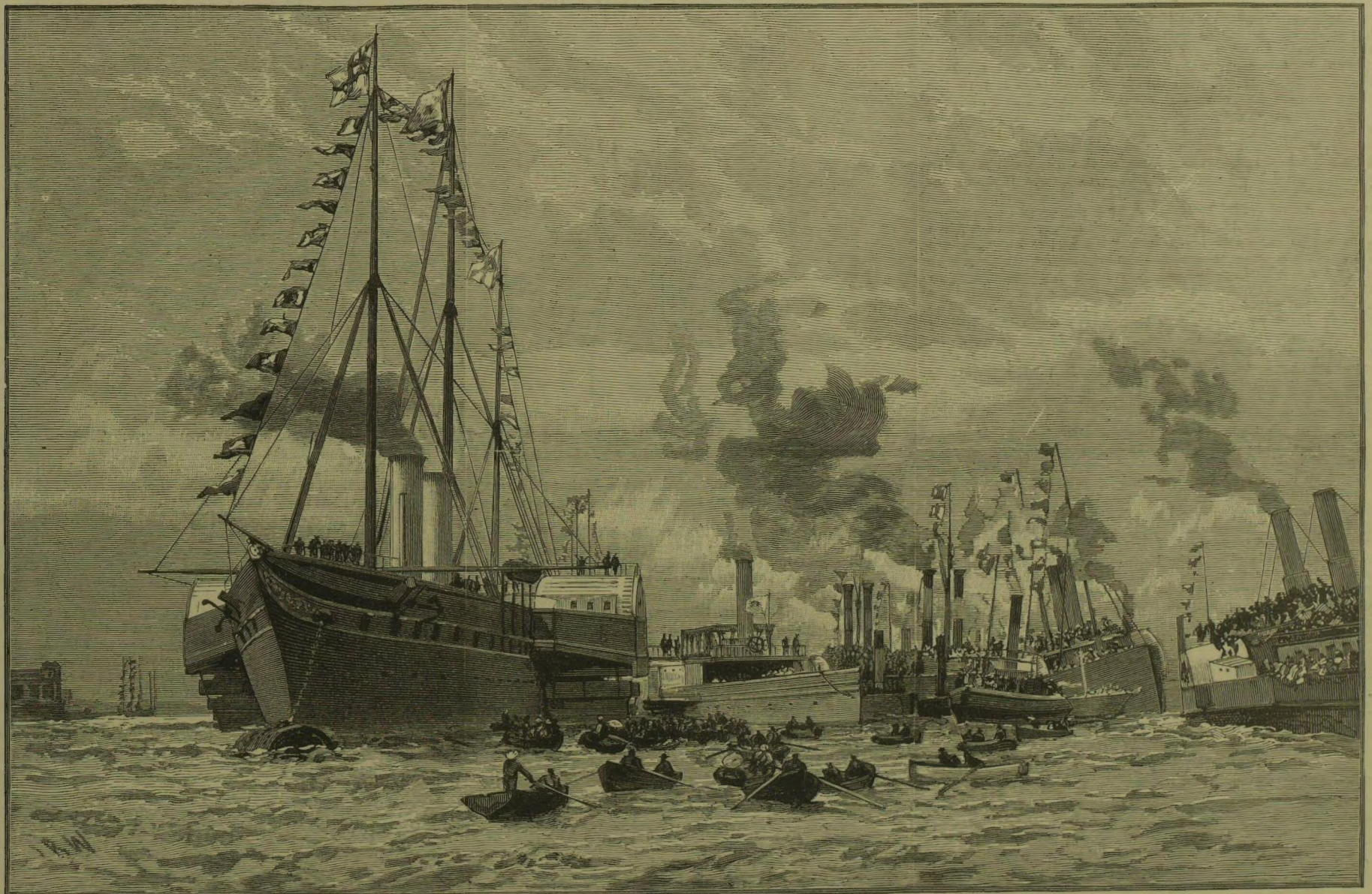


ILLUMINATIONS AT SPA IN HONOUR OF THE SHAH.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA CROSSING TO ENGLAND.



LEAVING ANTWERP IN THE ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT.



ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL YACHT AT GRAVESEND.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who writes very eloquently, as usual, in the *Nineteenth Century*, is distressed in his mind because plays when they are produced on the stage are instantly judged, are instantly praised, or instantly hissed, or are instantly criticised. There is something wrong; but he does not appear to know exactly what it is, except that he has recently written a play which did not repay him in money or credit for the conscientious labour bestowed on it. The theatre is just now a very popular institution; more notice is taken of the dramatic than of any other form of art; actors receive higher wages than they ever did before in the knowledge of man; authors obtain a far higher relative remuneration for their labour than any other brain inventors: a successful play pays better than any novel, essay, or treatise: the journalist who slaves at his desk from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 could not earn a tenth part of the income of a dramatist who devotes one month to a serious play or one week to a "pot-boiler"—and yet there is something the matter with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and his playwriting brethren. They are content to accept the pleasure of publicity, but are loth to endure the pain of it. They invite comment, they grizzle when a great public event, a political movement, a debate in Parliament, or the arrival of a Shah postpones the consideration of their own immediate work; but when they are promptly attended to they inconsistently consider that they are ill-treated. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, although he has invited the public to come and the experts to describe, likens the hiss of the audience or the comment of the critic to the wanton blackguardism of the rough, who, if he did not like a picture in the Academy, were to put his stick through it and destroy the canvas for ever. For the life of me I cannot see the justice or the aptness of the comparison. Are Academy pictures never hissed in the sense that plays are hissed? I have heard contemptuous remarks and groans and grunts of Philistine disapproval over lovely canvases by Walker and Mason and Burne-Jones and Leighton and Rossetti. The pictures of these artists were virtually hissed by the ignorant and the vulgar in the same sense that plays are hissed; but they endured the cavil of the crowd and the ignorant comment of the uncultured critic. But how does first-night criticism, which may or may not be ignorant or spiteful or worthless, ruin the play as a property? A stick through a picture destroys it for ever: a worthless criticism does not destroy the play, but condemns the critic. Are the public such fools that they are led by the nose by this writer or that? I opine not. But when they have to pay half-a-guinea for a stall they are not such fools as to waste their money over a dull evening when experts of all kinds have pronounced against it. If they have no faith in any criticism but their own, they will risk the half-guinea and judge for themselves; but, unless they believe in that exploded fallacy known as the "dramatic ring," they will take a hint from experts, and hesitate before they risk the half-sovereign.

There is an alternative to the present system which I commend to the attention of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. It is the matinee system, when theatres are packed by delegates from the author or the manager, who applaud every worthless line, praise the most extravagant acting, and call out the author or authoress of a play foredoomed to failure. I doubt, however, if there would continue to be much pleasure in playgoing if we were to borrow the objectionable system of the Parisian *claque*. That it will be tried, sooner or later, there is little doubt; and it will be tried exactly when faith is lost in independent criticism. The manager of to-day is a man of no judgment or responsibility. He does not profess to know as much of the wares he deals in as the simple tradesman. An author comes to him with a play. He cannot judge of its merits, and he refuses to produce it until the author has tested its merits—at his own expense. If it pays the author to test his play, at the expense of £200, it will soon pay him equally well to pay a crowd of lazy people, in the morning, to applaud and call out the author. The honest critic, therefore, remains as the only person in whom the paying public can trust for an opinion whether the tested play is worth seeing or not. There was produced, very recently, a new play, called "Phyllis," by a very clever lady, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. It was applauded from one end to the other, though the actors did not know their lines, and the play wanted a good fortnight more rehearsing. Mrs. Burnett was called. There was every sign of success in the house, except with the paying audience and the critics. But if "Phyllis" had been produced under the same conditions at night it would in all probability have met with instant condemnation. Good plays often fail for reasons beyond the author's power of alteration. A bad selection of actor or actress would ruin the best play ever written. Robson made a success for far worse plays than "Wealth." But these are the conditions under which the dramatist works. An actor who is a genius often brings comparative rubbish into prominence, an actor who is for the moment ill-suited often renders a good play hopeless. It cuts both ways. Would "The Porter's Knot" or "Daddy Hardacre" have ever been heard again if a Robson had not exalted them? Would an "Amber Heart" have run a week without an Ellen Terry? Would "The Bells" have ever been heard again without a Henry Irving? Why, a far better version than the Lyceum "Bells," called "Paul Zegen," by Mr. Frank Burnand, failed because there was no Henry Irving at the Marylebone Theatre!

Mr. William Archer has written an able defence of Ibsen and his plays in the *Fortnightly Review*; but he has labelled as "Podsnaps" all who do not care for the discussion of hereditary disease or vexed points of religion on the stage. All these things are a question of "taste." I myself think it will be a bad thing for the stage when religion and medical science, that are tabooed as discussions at the mixed dinner-table, are ventilated on the stage. I should think it in extremely bad taste if a man abused the Pope at the table of a Catholic or condemned Mr. Spurgeon in the hearing of a Baptist. There are some people left in the world who do not consider that the "conventionality" of religion is all humbug, and in this case the "odium theologium" has been stirred up by Ibsen and his friends, not by their conscientious opponents. C. S.

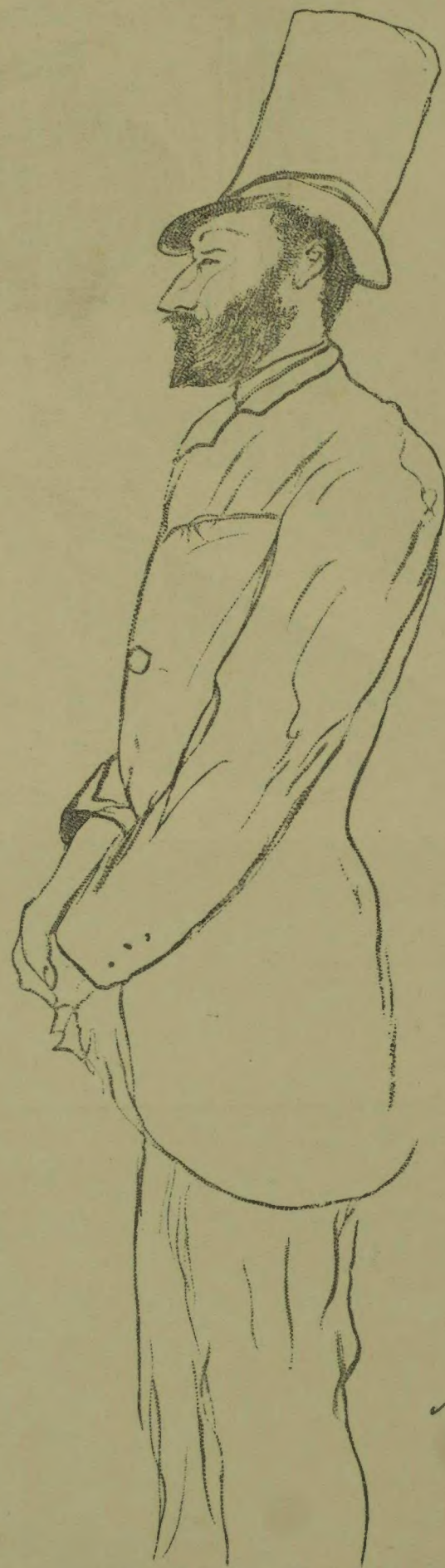
Our Portrait of Princess Louise of Wales is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, and that of the Earl of Fife from one by the London Stereoscopic Company. The View of Duff House is from a photograph by Messrs. Alexander Rae and Son, of Banff.

The Princess of Wales has presented a bracelet set in diamonds to Miss Ellen Terry in remembrance of the performance at Sandringham before the Queen. The bracelet bears this inscription: "Ellen Terry, from Alexandra, Princess of Wales."

The Central Hall at Holborn having been converted into a "Grand International Bazaar," was reopened on June 28 by the Countess of Aberdeen. The proceeds of the bazaar are to be devoted to the funds of the Continental Mission and to other agencies of the Sunday-School Union.

PORTRAIT OF OUR ARTIST BY THE SHAH.

While the Shah of Persia, with his suite, accompanied by Sir H. Drummond Wolff, the British Minister to his Court, and by the Queen's Equerry, Sir J. C. McNeill, was crossing the sea from Antwerp to the Thames, his Majesty noticed on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* the presence of our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Serpings-Wright, using his pencil and sketch-book. The Shah called our Artist to his side, inspected his sketch-book, and playfully tried his own hand, by way of retaliation, in drawing the portrait of our Artist



PORTRAIT OF OUR ARTIST, DRAWN BY HIS MAJESTY THE SHAH, ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT.

himself, which was authenticated by his Majesty's signature. A facsimile of the drawing, and of the handwriting in French, is given on this page.

Another of our Special Artists, Mr. William Simpson, who accompanied the Afghan Boundary Commission, passing through Persia in September and October, 1884, was presented to the Shah at Teheran, when his Majesty examined the Artist's sketch-book with much interest, and was especially pleased to hear that Mr. Simpson had been in the Afghan Campaign of 1879, and with the Prince of Wales in his tour through India.

The picture called "The Bayadere," by a German artist, N. Sichel, an Engraving of which appeared in our last week's publication, was copied by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, the owners of the picture.

A fête of all nations, with a varied programme of entertainments, has been held at the Wellington Riding School, Knightsbridge, by permission of the Duke of Wellington, in aid of the funds of the Queen's Jubilee Hospital, South Kensington.

To the names of Messrs. Alma-Tadema and Moore, who have been proposed for Medals of Honour by the Jury of Fine Arts in Paris, must now be added those of the English recipients of *Premières Médailles* at the Exhibition. The artists selected for these honours are Sir Frederick Leighton, Messrs. Burne-Jones, Herkomer, Hook, Orchardson, Whistler, Forbes, Leader, Reed, and Shannon.

BARRAGE WORKS, EGYPT.

With the completion of the third season's work on the reconstruction of the Nile Barrage, we publish some illustrations taken from photographs by Messrs. Stromeyer and Heyman, photographers, of Cairo. The Barrage, which is situated twelve miles below Cairo, was designed to give a higher level of irrigating water than would be obtained by letting the water pass down the open river, in place of which it has to pass down three canals—one to feed the Delta, the others for the districts on the opposite banks of the two branches of the river. When the Barrage was completed in 1853, it was found to be unfit to resist the required head of water of four metres, after which it remained only as an obstruction to the navigation of the river; but after the events of 1882 it was decided to reconstruct it so far that it would be capable of maintaining this head of water with safety.

After experimental works in 1886, which proved that the scheme was feasible, the works were carried on on a large scale during the successive low Niles of 1887, 1888, and 1889; half a barrage being undertaken each season. So that now the whole of the Rosetta Barrage has been strengthened, and one half of Damietta.

To give some idea of the magnitude of the works, and the energy with which they are carried through, no less than 1,400,000 cubic feet of masonry were put in during ninety days and nights last year, consisting of concrete, rubble, and ashlar flooring, for which from 6000 to 7000 labourers of all nationalities were employed daily, under the direction of English engineers. The works are carried on at night by electric light.

On H.H. the Khedive visiting the works for the first time this year, he was much struck with the devotion and energy of those concerned and conferred orders on many of them.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

In strong contrast to the gleam of scarlet uniforms outside the Houses of Parliament, and to the noise of the populace assembling to see the Shah, was the quiet of the House of Lords on the First of July. Yet full of significance was one incident within the House. The Earl of Rosebery, debonair in his light-grey summer suit, left his favourite corner seat on the front Opposition bench for a whispered conference with Earl Granville; and then, with the swelling mien and resonant voice of one who deemed himself to have a prescriptive right to the reversion of the Foreign Secretaryship, gravely interrogated the Prime Minister concerning the awkward difference with the Portuguese as to the Delagoa Railway.

The Marquis of Salisbury was to the full as impressive as Lord Rosebery in his weighty reply to the interpellation. The Delagoa Bay Railway has grown to be of great importance, because it runs across the narrow belt of Portuguese territory to the productive new gold-fields of South Africa. It was clear from the Prime Minister's firm reply that the Government had energetically determined to protect British interests in that quarter. His Lordship had unmistakably put his foot down. He tersely said three ships had been sent to Delagoa—"we hope large enough to cope with any difficulty that may arise." In the same clear tone, the Premier added these words of warning to the Power in question:—

"With respect to the negotiations with Portugal, I hope that I shall not be considered undiplomatic if I say that the action of Portugal was very high-handed and, in my opinion, unjust; but the action of Portugal was, in the first instance,

*a lord de
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directed against a Portuguese company. That company employed an English company to find money to make the railway, and probably the result of the action of Portugal will be loss to the capitalists. We have informed the Government of Portugal that we shall hold them responsible for any loss to which British subjects may be subjected, and to that responsibility we shall assuredly keep them."

The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir J. Fergusson, responding to an inquiry in the House of Commons the same day, contributed the further information that the Delagoa Bay Railway "has been seized by the Portuguese authorities, that there was considerable alarm and apprehension by the British residents of insecurity," but that, happily, the latest intelligence led the Foreign Office to hope that the steps taken by the Home Government would prevent any disturbances.

The Earl of Galloway on the same day in the Lords gained nothing by his motion to reopen the Earl of Mar and Kellie question. The noble Earl was placed in a minority, Lord Selborne's amendment declaring the title unimpeachable being carried by a majority of 49.

The return to the Commons of Lord Randolph Churchill (with his blonde moustache curtailed) on the First of July; Mr. Sexton's eloquent speech condemnatory of the rearrest of Mr. William O'Brien; and the debates in Committee on the Scottish Universities Bill have been eclipsed in interest by the Ministerial motions for the grants to the eldest son and daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Mr. Smith on the Second of July brought up messages from the Queen requesting that provision be made for "the honourable support and maintenance of her grandson, Prince Albert Victor," and also for Princess Louise of Wales on her forthcoming auspicious marriage with Lord Fife.

THE SHAH IN LONDON.

The second visit of his Majesty Nasr-ed-din, Shah-in-Shah of Persia, fourth Sovereign of the Turkoman Kadjar dynasty, who was here in 1873, has excited almost as much popular curiosity as his arrival on the former occasion. This Asiatic Monarch is the ruler of a large country, or empire, with a population variously reckoned at from five to ten millions, chiefly of the Shiah sect of Mussulmans, despotically governed, with a feeble military force, and with a revenue of two millions sterling: a State rather less considerable than that of the Nizam of Hyderabad in India. But from the geographical position of its territories, with the Russian railroad from the Caspian to Merv running along the northern frontier of Khorassan, and with the vicinity of that province to Eastern Afghanistan, it is supposed that the Persian Empire may be of some political importance to India; and commercial prospects are now rife in connection with the recent opening of navigation on the Karun river, from the Persian Gulf, with facilities of traffic to Ispahan.

The Shah, having been royally entertained at Berlin by the Emperor of Germany, and by the King of the Belgians, spent a few days at the amusing fashionable watering-place of Spa, where he joined in the local entertainments, attended the Opera, and tried his luck at the roulette-table, of which incidents our Artist did not fail to make sketches, as well as of the festive illuminations at Spa in honour of his Majesty's visit.

Proceeding to Antwerp, his Majesty, with his Grand Vizier and two other Persian Ministers of State, several grand Court officials, his chamberlains and favourite page, and his military staff officers, embarked on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, having been met at Antwerp by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, G.C.B., the British Minister to the Shah's Court, with Mr. S. Churchill, Oriental second Secretary to the Legation at Teheran, and Major-General Sir J. C. McNeill, one of the Queen's Equerries, appointed to attend on the Shah. The Royal yacht left Antwerp on Sunday evening, June 30, entered the Thames next morning, and at once proceeded up the river. In passing the squadron of Admiral Lethbridge, at the Nore, she was greeted by the ships of war with salutes of twenty-one guns, the yards were manned in good style, and flags were hoisted from mast to mast, from stem to stern. The Victoria and Albert was followed by the Royal yacht Osborne. As they neared Gravesend a number of steam-boats laden with excursionists, and many small craft with private parties, took the opportunity of getting close alongside the Victoria and Albert, and the numerous passengers cheered the Shah again and again. Other boats speedily followed the example thus set, and his Majesty arrived off Tilbury Fort escorted by a fleet of pleasure-boats, and greeted by a hearty British welcome, with which he was much pleased.

The Shah was seen on deck, attired in a plain, dark suit, with the Ribbon and Star of the Garter, a narrow gold girdle, fastened in the centre with what appeared to be a huge turquoise, round his waist, and the badge of the Lion and Crown upon his cap. As the breeze was cool, he now and then enveloped himself with a crimson-lined cloak. Near him was the boy who has accompanied him on his present journey; a bright, intelligent-looking lad, in a silver embroidered suit, who is described as a Court page. The yachts came abreast of Tilbury Fort at a quarter to two. There were Royal salutes from the fort, or from the guns on the shore. The Victoria and Albert turned about, and was made fast to a buoy; another Royal salute was fired, while the Royal yachts, which had hitherto been only flying the Persian standard at the main and the two British ensigns fore and aft, were dressed with flags from stem to stern. Another cheer was raised from the river craft and echoed by the dense crowds on the terrace and pier and at every favourable point of view on the Gravesend shore. A few minutes later the Persian Minister, Consul-General, and other officials came alongside the Victoria and Albert to pay their respects to their Sovereign, who received them in the deck-house.

Meanwhile, the Prince of Wales, as the representative of the Queen, was steaming down the river to Gravesend. His Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and attended by Major-General Ellis, Captain Holford, and Captain Stephenson, R.N., with General Lord De Ros, Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, and other officials, left Marlborough House at eleven o'clock, drove to Westminster Bridge stairs, and embarked on board the steam-boat Duke of Edinburgh. This had been specially placed at the disposal of the Admiralty by the Victoria Steam-Boat Company, as being one of the few suitable vessels on the Thames capable of conveying a large party to Westminster. The boat had been appropriately painted and decorated for the occasion, the furniture and fittings, supplied by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall-mall, being especially artistic and effective. The aft portion of the boat had been converted into a spacious and elegant saloon draped in terra-cotta, old gold, green and white, and transparent Indian silk curtains. Persian carpets, gold-embroidered cloths, divans and ottomans in sufficient profusion, palms, ferns, and flowers were tastefully arranged about the saloon, while a pavilion similarly adorned was erected on the hurricane-deck, imparting an almost Oriental character to the well-known Thames craft. The Royal Standard was hoisted as the steam-boat left Westminster; she arrived at Tilbury at three o'clock.

The guns at Tilbury and the cheers of the people hailed the arrival of the Prince of Wales as the Duke of Edinburgh steam-boat came alongside the Victoria and Albert. The Prince of Wales in general's uniform, Prince Albert Victor in that of his regiment (the 10th Hussars), and Prince George in naval uniform ascended the gangway. The Royal standard was run up alongside the Persian flag at the main. As the Shah and the Prince of Wales shook hands renewed cheering arose from the crowd of boats around, their occupants waving hats and handkerchiefs. A few minutes sufficed to transfer a quantity of baggage from the Victoria and Albert to the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince of Wales led the way to the latter vessel, and the Persian flag, with the lion and crown, was run



THE SHAH'S GRAND VIZIER,
MIRZA ALI ASGHER KHAN.



THE SHAH TRIES HIS LUCK AT ROULETTE, AT SPA.

up alongside the British flag on the Duke of Edinburgh. At last the Duke of Edinburgh emerged from the cluster of boats, escorted a short distance behind by the torpedo-boats Nos. 72 and 74, and closely followed by the Alexandra, the Arran, the Herald, and other saloon-steamers, and a fleet of smaller craft.

The passage up the Thames was almost an aquatic triumphal progress. Colliers and fishing-boats, merchantmen and training-ships, were thronged with crews or visitors, who cheered as the Royal party passed. Steam-sirens and steam-whistles, hoarse and shrill, added their unmelodious greeting. The boys of the training-ships manned yards and gave forth ringing cheers with much precision; and the enthusiastic greetings of the Woolwich workmen, who mustered in thousands, and of the crowds at Blackwall, Greenwich, and Deptford, gave increasing assurance of the Shah's approach to London. At the Tower, the guns fired another Royal salute; but both from the Tower and the Custom House the general public appear to have been excluded. After passing London Bridge, the progress of the steamer with the Royal party was only marked by the dense masses of spectators that crowded the bridges and the Victoria Embankment, and added their hearty cheers to those heard before. Between Charing-cross and Westminster Bridges the river was crowded with small craft, among which the Duke of Edinburgh made a safe and steady progress, accompanied by its torpedo escort, until Westminster Bridge stairs were reached, a few minutes before Big Ben tolled the hour of six.

The pier at Westminster was hung from end to end with bunting, and half of it was covered in, so as to form a marquee. The passage from the landing-stage to the Embankment was covered by an awning of striped cloth, and was adorned with flowering plants. There was a guard of honour of the Coldstream Guards, and the Grenadier Guards kept the line to Bridge-street. Field-Marshal his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., here awaited his Majesty's arrival, and accompanied him to Buckingham Palace. The Shah was received on landing by the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Portland, and was conducted by him to the Queen's State carriages, in which his Majesty, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses, proceeded to Buckingham Palace. They were escorted by a Field Officer's Escort of Life Guards, and the route was by Whitehall, the Horse Guards, and the Mall, St. James's Park, which was lined with Household troops.

On arriving at Buckingham Palace, where a guard-of-honour was stationed, the Shah was received by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and the Marquis of Lorne. The great officers of her Majesty's Household, the Treasurer, the Comptroller of the Household, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, the Master of the Household, and the Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department were in attendance.

On Tuesday, July 2, the Shah went to visit her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle, and on his return to London went to the opera at Covent-Garden Theatre. Before going to Windsor he received the Corps Diplomatique and her Majesty's Ministers at Buckingham Palace.

On Wednesday his Majesty visited the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London.

The following is the list of the persons in the suite of the Shah:—

Vazirs—His Excellency Mirza Ali Asgher Khan, styled Amin-us-Sultan, Grand Vazir; his Excellency Mirza Ali Khan, styled Amin-ud-Dowleh, President of the Council; his Excellency Ali Kuli Khan, styled Mukhber-ud-Dowleh, Minister of Public Instruction.

Amirs of the Court—Mohammad-Ali Khan, styled Amin-us-Sultaneh, Chief Chamberlain; his Excellency Mehdi Kuli Khan, styled Majd-ud-Dowleh, High Steward (Intendant); his Excellency

Mohammad Hassan Khan, styled Etimad-us-Sultaneh, Grand Master of the Ceremonies; his Excellency Gholam Husain Khan, styled Amin-Khalvat, Secretary to the Shah; Gholam Husain-Khan, styled Sedig-us-Sultaneh, First Chamberlain; his Excellency Dr. Tholozan, Chief Special Physician.

Military Officers—His Excellency Jehangir Khan, styled Minister of Sciences, Amir Tuman; Abul Kassim Khan, styled Nasir-ul-Mulk, General Aide-de-Camp; Mirza Abdullah Khan, General; Mirza Mohammad Khan, General; Abul Hasan Khan, General; Ahmad Khan, General; Mirza Mizam, styled Muhandass-ul-Mamalek, General Aide-de-Camp; M. Le Général Antoine, Kitabgi Khan, Directeur-Général des Douanes Persanes.

Chamberlains—Gholam Husain Khan Kajar, Mohammad Bager Khan, Mehdi Khan, Akber Khan, Shapur Khan Kajar, Hasan Khan, Murtiza Khan, Mir Muhammad Khan, Gholam Ali Khan, Chief Page; Mirza Abul-Vahab, styled Fakhr-ul-Attiba; Hybennet Khan, Court Special Dentist.

Alderman Winstanley has been nominated for the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Her Majesty has been pleased to grant a separate Court of Quarter Sessions for Croydon, which has a population of 96,000. Mr. C. M. Elborough, the Town Clerk, will fill the office of Clerk of the Peace.

Viscount Wolmer presided, on June 27, at the Westminster Townhall, at the first annual meeting of the Women's Liberal Unionist Association. There was a large gathering, and among the speakers were the Earl of Derby, Mr. R. B. Finlay, M.P., and Mrs. Harry Fawcett.

The committee of the Fox-court Ragged School, Gray's Inn-road, Holborn, appeal to the public for funds to enable them to send into the country for a fortnight many sickly children and young people connected with the schools; also for a day in the country for 400 children. Contributions will be thankfully received by the treasurer of the schools, Mr. H. W. Elam, 13, Bedford-row, W.C.; or by Mr. Thomas Fagg, hon. secretary, 136, Pentonville-road, N.

At a meeting of the Nottingham Town Council, on July 1, it was announced that the Drapers' Company had contributed £3000 towards £12,000 required to erect the proposed additional buildings to the University College at Nottingham for technical education in connection with the special industries of the town. The grant was made conditionally upon the other £9000 being raised voluntarily in twelve months. The devisees of Mr. Frederick Cooper have promised £5000 towards that sum.

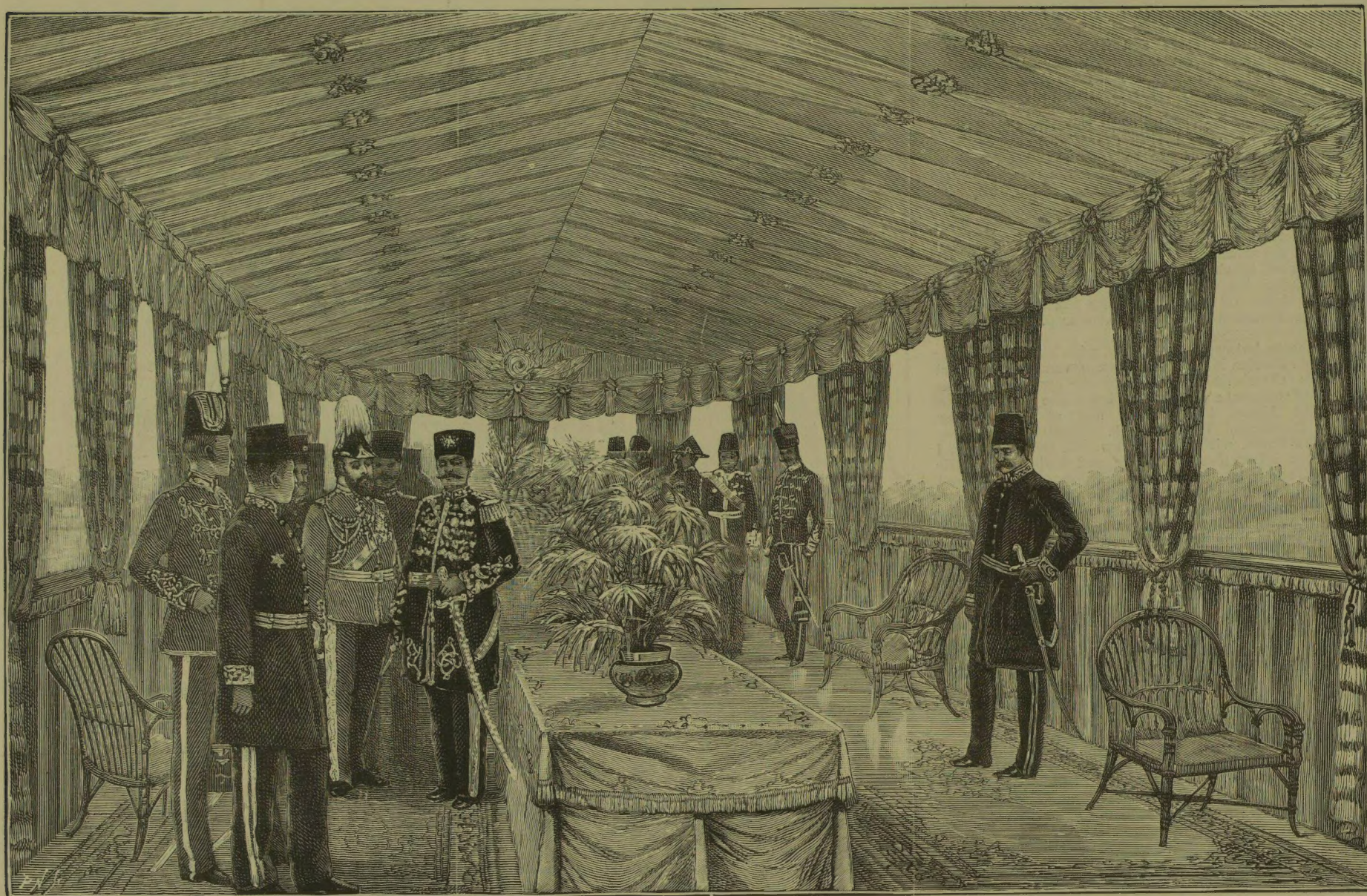
The annual conversazione of the Society of Arts took place on June 27 at the South Kensington Museum. In the absence of the President (the Duke of Abercorn), through illness, the company was received by Sir Frederick Bramwell and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen. The attendance was large; but the outdoor musical performances of the band of the Scots Guards drew off the greatest proportion of visitors into the Quadrangle, and prevented crowding in any part of the interior. The band of the Royal Artillery played in the North Court, and Mr. E. Plater's Glee Union gave selections in the Lecture-room.

The preachers on Sundays at Westminster Abbey during July will be:—Morning service, at ten, in the choir: The 7th, the Rev. A. Boyd Carpenter, Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury (offertory for Westminster Female Refuge). On the 14th, the Rev. H. Ridgway, Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster-gate (offertory for Society for the Propagation of the Gospel). On the 21st, the Rev. A. F. Ratty, head-master of St. John's Foundation School (offertory for the poor of Westminster). On the 28th, the Dean (offertory for Westminster School Mission).—Canon Duckworth, as Canon in residence, will preach in the afternoons, at three.—At seven p.m., in the nave: On the 7th, the Rev. Dr. Edghill, Chaplain-General ("Temperance" Sunday). On the 14th, the Rev. Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol College. On the 21st, the Rev. Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. On the 28th, the Right Rev. Bishop Barry. The evening services, at seven, will be suspended after Sunday, July 28, till Advent.

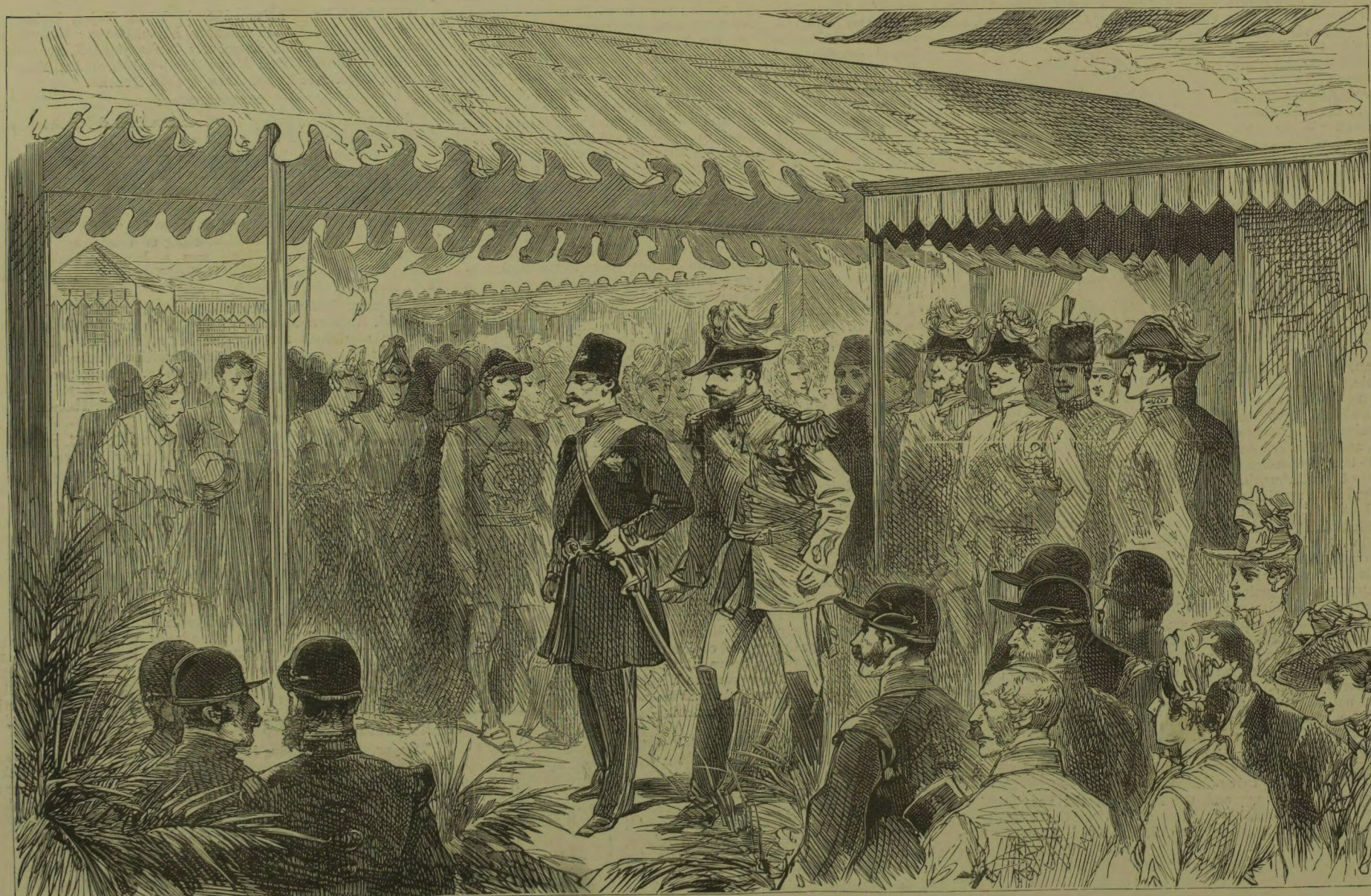


THE LITTLE BOY
ATTENDING THE SHAH.

ARRIVAL OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN LONDON.



THE SHAH AND THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, COMING FROM GRAVESEND TO LONDON.



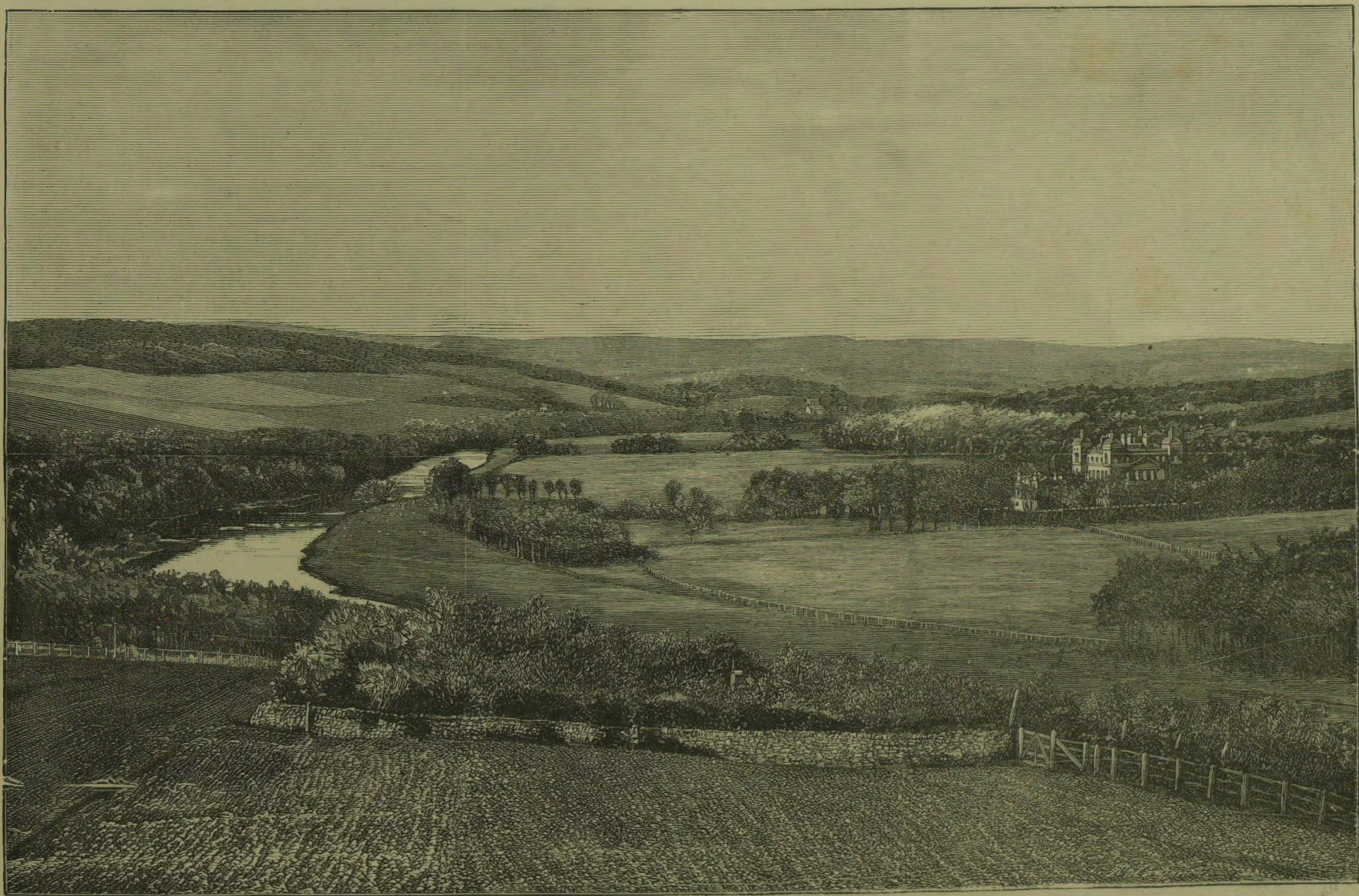
ARRIVAL OF THE SHAH AT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES.

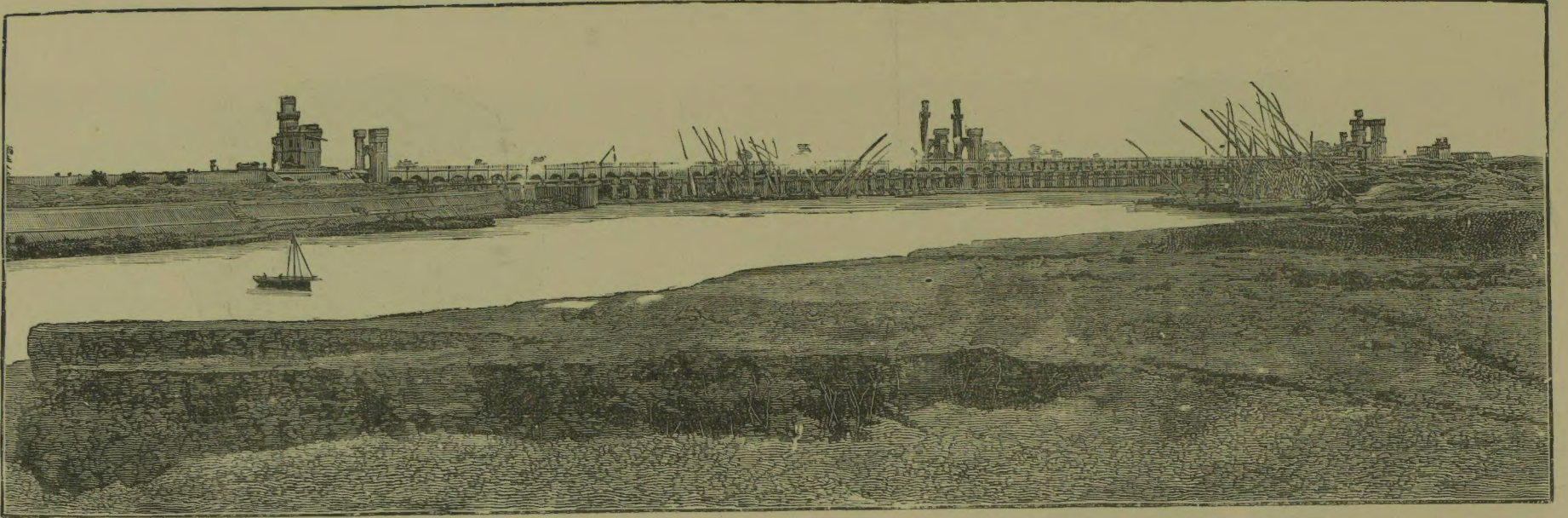


THE EARL OF FIFE, K.T.

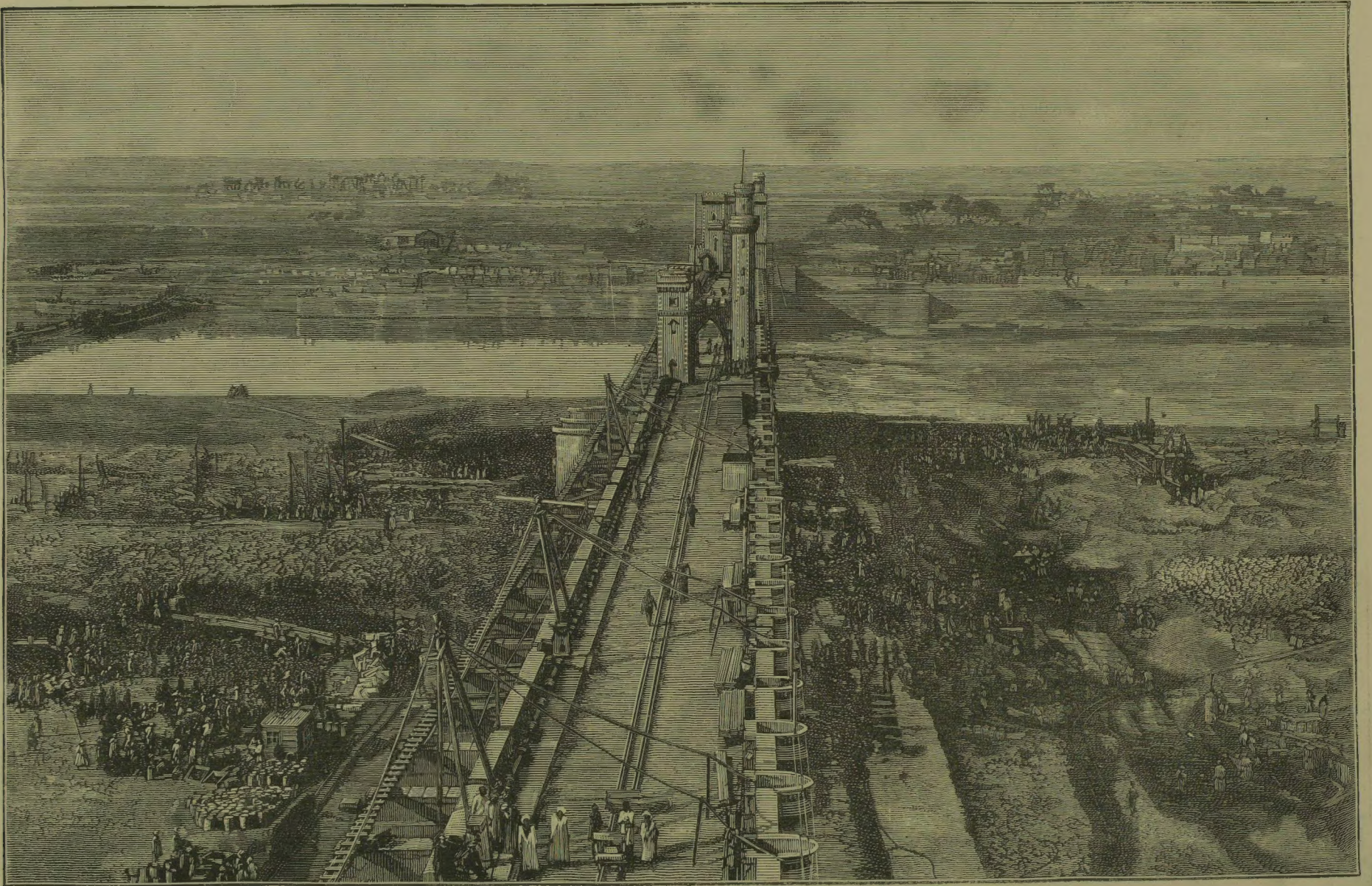


DUFF HOUSE, BANFFSHIRE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF FIFE.

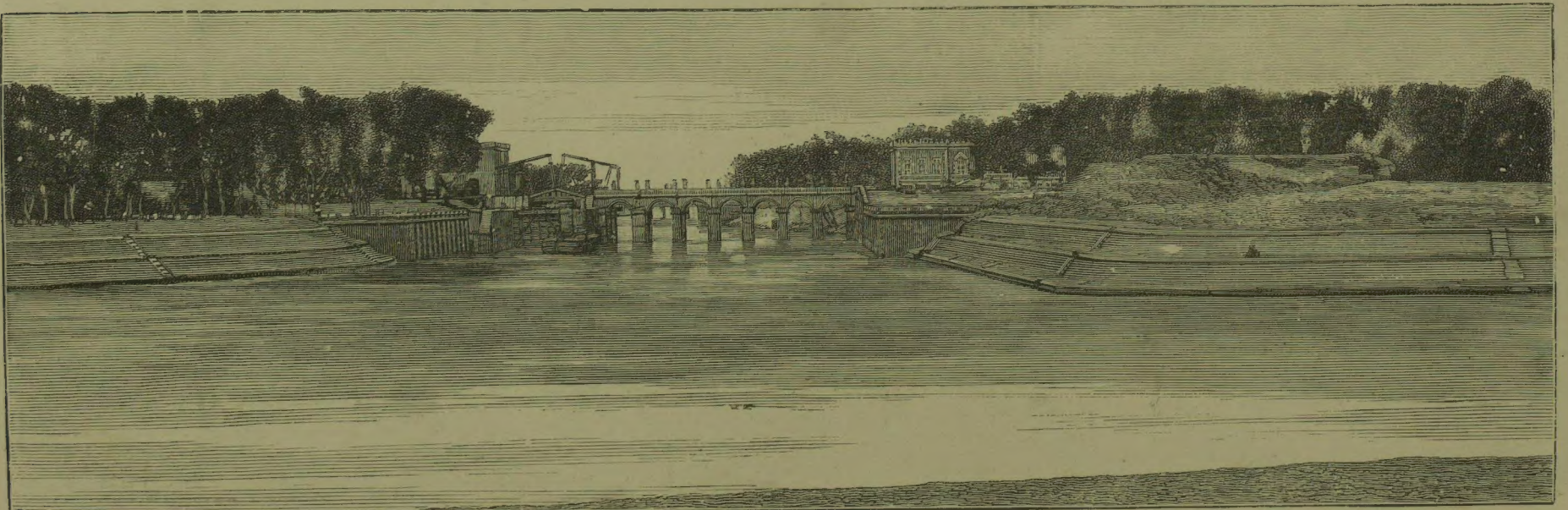
INTENDED MARRIAGE OF THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THE DAMIETTA BARRAGE.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WORKS.



THE MANOUFIEH CANAL REGULATOR.

BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

THE PROLOGUE.

I.



SOON after sunrise, on a cloudy morning in the year 1881, a special messenger disturbed the repose of Dennis Howmore, at his place of residence in the pleasant Irish town of Ardoon.

Well acquainted apparently with the way upstairs, the man thumped on a bedroom door, and shouted his message through it: "The master wants you, and mind you don't keep him waiting."

The person sending this peremptory message was Sir

Giles Mountjoy of Ardoon; knight and banker. The person receiving the message was Sir Giles's head clerk. As a matter of course, Dennis Howmore dressed himself at full speed, and hastened to his employer's private house on the outskirts of the town.

He found Sir Giles in an irritable and anxious state of mind. A letter lay open on the banker's bed; his night-cap was crumpled crookedly on his head; he was in too great a hurry to remember the claims of politeness, when the clerk said "Good morning."

"Dennis, I have got something for you to do. It must be kept a secret, and it allows of no delay."

"Is it anything connected with business, sir?"

The banker lost his temper. "How can you be such an infernal fool as to suppose that anything connected with business could happen at this time in the morning? Do you know the first milestone on the road to Garvan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Go to the milestone, and take care that nobody sees you when you get there. Look at the back of the stone. If you discover an Object which appears to have been left in that situation, on the ground, bring it to me; and don't forget that the most impatient man in all Ireland is waiting for you."

Not a word of explanation followed these extraordinary instructions.

The head clerk set forth on his errand, with his mind dwelling on the national tendencies to conspiracy and assassination. His employer was not a popular person. Sir Giles had paid rent when he owed it; and, worse still, was disposed to remember in a friendly spirit what England had done for Ireland, in the course of the last fifty years. If anything appeared to justify distrust of the mysterious Object of which he was in search, Dennis resolved to be vigilantly on the lookout for a gun-barrel, whenever he passed a hedge on his return journey to the town.

Arrived at the milestone, he discovered on the ground behind it one Object only—a fragment of a broken tea-cup.

Naturally enough, Dennis hesitated. It seemed to be impossible that the earnest and careful instructions which he had received could relate to such a trifle as this. At the same time, he was acting under orders which were as positive as tone, manner, and language could make them. Passive obedience appeared to be the one safe course to take—at the risk of a reception, irritating to any man's self-respect, when he returned to his employer with a broken tea-cup in his hand.

The event entirely failed to justify his misgivings. There could be no doubt that Sir Giles attached serious importance to the contemptible discovery made at the milestone. After having examined and re-examined the fragment, he announced his intention of sending the clerk on a second errand—still without troubling himself to explain what his incomprehensible instructions meant.

"If I am not mistaken," he began, "the Reading Rooms, in our town, open as early as nine. Very well. Go to the Rooms this morning, on the stroke of the clock." He stopped, and consulted the letter which lay open on his bed. "Ask the librarian," he continued, "for the third volume of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Open the book at pages seventy-eight and seventy-nine. If you find a piece of paper between those two leaves, take possession of it when nobody is looking at you, and bring it to me. That's all, Dennis. And bear in mind that I shall not recover the use of my patience till I see you again."

On ordinary occasions, the head clerk was not a man accustomed to insist on what was due to his dignity. At the same time he was a sensible human being, conscious of the consideration to which his responsible place in the office entitled him. Sir Giles's irritating reserve, not even excused by a word of apology, reached the limits of his endurance. He respectfully protested.

"I regret to find, sir," he said, "that I have lost my place in my employer's estimation. The man to whom you confide the superintendence of your clerks and the transaction of your business has, I venture to think, some claim (under the present circumstances) to be trusted."

The banker was now offended on his side.

"I readily admit your claim," he answered, "when you are sitting at your desk in my office. But, even in these days of strikes, co-operations, and bank holidays, an employer has one privilege left—he has not ceased to be a Man; and he has not forfeited a man's right to keep his own secrets. I fail to see anything in my conduct which has given you just reason to complain."

Dennis, rebuked, made his bow in silence, and withdrew.

Did these acts of humility mean that he submitted? They meant exactly the contrary. He had made up his mind that Sir Giles Mountjoy's motives should, sooner or later, cease to be mysteries to Sir Giles Mountjoy's clerk.

II.

Carefully following his instructions, he consulted the third volume of Gibbon's great History, and found, between the seventy-

eight and seventy-ninth pages, something remarkable this time.

It was a sheet of delicately-made paper, pierced with a number of little holes, infinitely varied in size, and cut with the smoothest precision. Having secured this curious object, while the librarian's back was turned, Dennis Howmore reflected.

A page of paper, unintelligibly perforated for some purpose unknown, was in itself a suspicious thing. And what did suspicion suggest to the inquiring mind in South-Western Ireland, before the suppression of the Land League? Unquestionably—Police!

On the way back to his employer, the banker's clerk paid a visit to an old friend—a journalist by profession; and a man of varied learning and experience as well. Invited to inspect the remarkable morsel of paper, and to discover the object with which the perforations had been made, the authority consulted proved to be worthy of the trust reposed in him. Dennis left the newspaper-office an enlightened man—with information at the disposal of Sir Giles, and with a sense of relief which expressed itself irreverently in these words: "Now I have got him!"

The bewildered banker looked backwards and forwards from the paper to the clerk, and from the clerk to the paper.

"I don't understand it," he said. "Do you?"

Still preserving the appearance of humility, Dennis asked leave to venture on a guess. The perforated paper looked, as he thought, like a Puzzle. "If we wait for a day or two," he suggested, "the Key to it may possibly reach us."

On the next day, nothing happened. On the day after, a second letter made another audacious demand on the fast-failing patience of Sir Giles Mountjoy.

Even the envelope proved to be a Puzzle, on this occasion; the postmark was "Ardoon." In other words, the writer had used the postman as a messenger, while he or his accomplice was actually in the town, posting the letter within half-a-minute's walk of the bank! The contents presented an impenetrable mystery; the writing looked worthy of a madman. Sentences appeared in the wildest state of confusion, and words were so mutilated as to be unintelligible. This time, the force of circumstances was more than Sir Giles could resist. He took the clerk into his confidence at last.

"Let us begin at the beginning," he said. "There is the letter you saw on my bed, when I first sent for you. I found it waiting on my table when I woke; and I don't know who put it there. Read it."

Dennis read as follows:

"Sir Giles Mountjoy: I have a disclosure to make, in which one of the members of your family is seriously interested. Before I can venture to explain myself, I must be assured that I can trust to your good faith. As a test of this, I require you to fulfil the two conditions that follow—and to do it without the slightest loss of time. I dare not trust you yet with my address, or my signature. Any act of carelessness, on my part, might end fatally for the true friend who writes these lines. If you neglect this warning, you will regret it to the end of your life."

To the conditions on which the letter insisted there is no need to allude. They had been complied with when the discoveries were made at the back of the milestone, and between the pages of Gibbon's History. Sir Giles had already arrived at the conclusion that a conspiracy was in progress to assassinate him, and perhaps to rob the bank. The wiser head clerk pointed to the perforated paper and the incomprehensible writing received that morning. "If we can find out what these mean," he said, "you may be better able, sir, to form a correct opinion."

"And who is to do that?" the banker asked.

"I can but try, sir," was the modest reply, "if you see no objection to my making the attempt."

Sir Giles approved of the proposed experiment, silently and satirically, by a bend of his head.

Too discreet a man to make a suspiciously ready use of the information which he had privately obtained, Dennis took care that his first attempt should not be successful. After modestly asking permission to try again, he ventured on the second occasion to arrive at a happy discovery. Lifting the perforated paper, he placed it delicately over the page which contained the

unintelligible writing. Words and sentences now appeared (through the holes in the paper) in their right spelling and arrangement, and addressed Sir Giles in these terms:

"I beg to thank you, sir, for complying with my conditions. You have satisfied me of your good faith. At the same time, it is possible that you may hesitate to trust a man who is not yet able to admit you to his confidence. The perilous position in which I stand obliges me to ask for two or three days more of delay, before I can safely make an appointment with you. Pray be patient—and on no account apply for advice or protection to the police."

"Those last words," Sir Giles declared, "are conclusive! The sooner I am under the care of the law the better. Take my card to the police-office."

"May I say a word first, sir?"

"Do you mean that you don't agree with me?"

"I mean that."

"You were always an obstinate man, Dennis; and it grows on you as you get older. Never mind! Let's have it out. Who do you say is the person pointed at in these rascally letters?"

The head clerk took up the first letter of the two, and pointed to the opening sentence: "Sir Giles Mountjoy, I have a disclosure to make in which one of the members of your family is seriously interested." Dennis emphatically repeated the words: "one of the members of your family." His employer regarded him with a broad stare of astonishment.

"One of the members of my family?" Sir Giles repeated, on his side. "Why, man alive, what are you thinking of? I'm an old bachelor, and I haven't got a family."

"There is your brother, sir."

"My brother is in France—out of the way of the wretches who are threatening me. I wish I was with him!"

"There are your brother's two sons, Sir Giles."

"Well? And what is there to be afraid of? My nephew, Hugh, is in London—and, mind! not on a political errand. I hope, before long, to hear that he is going to be married—if the strangest and nicest girl in England will have him. What's wrong now?"

Dennis explained. "I only wished to say, sir, that I was thinking of your other nephew."

Sir Giles laughed. "Arthur in danger!" he exclaimed. "As harmless a young man as ever lived. The worst one can say of him is that he is throwing away his money—farming in Kerry."

"Excuse me, Sir Giles; there's not much chance of his throwing away his money, where he is now. Nobody will venture to take his money. I met with one of Mr. Arthur's neighbours at the market yesterday. Your nephew is boy-cotted."

"So much the better," the obstinate banker declared. "He will be cured of his craze for farming; and he will come back to the place I am keeping for him in the office."

"God grant it!" the clerk said fervently.

For the moment, Sir Giles was staggered. "Have you heard something that you haven't told me yet?" he asked.

"No, sir. I am only bearing in mind something which—with all respect—I think you have forgotten. The last tenant on that bit of land in Kerry refused to pay his rent. Mr. Arthur has taken what they call an evicted farm. It's my firm belief," said the head clerk, rising and speaking earnestly, "that the person who has addressed those letters to you knows Mr. Arthur, and knows he is in danger—and is trying to save your nephew (by means of your influence), at the risk of his own life."

Sir Giles shook his head. "I call that a far-fetched interpretation, Dennis. If what you say is true, why didn't the writer of those anonymous letters address himself to Arthur, instead of to me?"

"I gave it as my opinion just now, sir, that the writer of the letter knew Mr. Arthur."

"So you did. And what of that?"

Dennis stood to his guns.

"Anybody who is acquainted with Mr. Arthur," he persisted, "knows that (with all sorts of good qualities) the young gentleman is headstrong and rash. If a friend told him he was in danger on the farm, that would be enough of itself to make him stop where he is, and brave it out. Whereas you,



"Dennis, I have got something for you to do. It must be kept a secret, and it allows of no delay."



Iris Henley.

sir, are known to be cautious and careful, and farseeing and discreet." He might have added: And cowardly and obstinate, and narrow-minded and inflated by stupid self-esteem. But respect for his employer had blindfolded the clerk's observation for many a long year past. If one man may be born with the heart of a lion, another man may be born with the mind of a mule. Dennis's master was one of the other men.

"Very well put," Sir Giles answered indulgently. "Time will show, if such an entirely unimportant person as my nephew Arthur is likely to be assassinated. That allusion to one of the members of my family is a mere equivocation, designed to throw me off my guard. Rank, money, social influence, unswerving principles, mark me out as a public character. Go to the police-office, and let the best man who happens to be off duty come here directly."

Good Dennis Howmore approached the door very unwillingly. It was opened, from the outer side, before he had reached that end of the room. One of the bank porters announced a visitor.

"Miss Henley wishes to know, sir, if you can see her."

Sir Giles looked agreeably surprised. He rose with alacrity to receive the lady.

III.

When Iris Henley dies there will, in all probability, be friends left who remember her and talk of her—and there may be strangers present at the time (women for the most part), whose curiosity will put questions relating to her personal appearance. No replies will reward them with trustworthy information. Miss Henley's chief claim to admiration lay in a remarkable mobility of expression, which reflected every change of feeling peculiar to the nature of a sweet and sensitive woman. For this reason, probably, no descriptions of her will agree with each other. No existing likenesses will represent her. The one portrait that was painted of Iris is only recognisable by partial friends of the artist. In and out of London, photographic likenesses were taken of her. They have the honour of resembling the portraits of Shakespeare in this respect—compared with one another, it is not possible to discover that they present the same person. As for the evidence offered by the loving memory of her friends, it is sure to be contradictory in the last degree. She had a charming face, a commonplace face, an intelligent face—a poor complexion, a delicate complexion, no complexion at all—eyes that were expressive of a hot temper, of a bright intellect, of a firm character, of an affectionate disposition, of a truthful nature, of hysterical sensibility, of inveterate obstinacy—a figure too short; no, just the right height; no, neither one thing nor the other; elegant, if you like—dress shabby: oh, surely not; dress quiet and simple; no, something more than that; ostentatiously quiet, theatrically simple, worn with the object of looking unlike other people. In one last word, was this mass of contradictions generally popular, in the time when it was a living creature? Yes—among the men. No—not invariably. The man of all others who ought to have been fondest of her was the man who behaved cruelly to Iris—her own father. And, when the poor creature married (if she did marry), how many of you attended the wedding? Not one of us! And when she died, how many of you were sorry for her? All of us! What? no difference of opinion in that one particular? On the contrary, perfect concord, thank God.

Let the years roll back, and let Iris speak for herself, at the memorable time when she was in the prime of her life, and when a stormy career was before her.

IV.

Being Miss Henley's godfather, Sir Giles was a privileged person. He laid his hairy hands on her shoulders, and kissed her on either cheek. After that prefatory act of endearment,

he made his inquiries. What extraordinary combination of events had led Iris to leave London, and had brought her to visit him in his banking-house at Ardoon?

"I wanted to get away from home," she answered; "and having nobody to go to but my godfather, I thought I should like to see You."

"Alone!" cried Sir Giles.

"No—with my maid to keep me company."

"Only your maid, Iris? Surely you have acquaintances among young ladies like yourself?"

"Acquaintances—yes. No friends."

"Does your father approve of what you have done?"

"Will you grant me a favour, godpapa?"

"Yes—if I can."

"Don't insist on my answering your last question."

The faint colour that had risen in her face, when she entered the room, left it. At the same time, the expression of her mouth altered. The lips closed firmly; revealing that strongest of all resolutions which is founded on a keen sense of wrong. She looked older than her age: what she might be ten years hence, she was now. Sir Giles understood her. He got up, and took a turn in the room. An old habit, of which he had cured himself with infinite difficulty when he was made a Knight, showed itself again. He put his hands in his pockets.

"You and your father have had another quarrel," he said, stopping opposite Iris.

"I don't deny it," she replied.

"Who is to blame?"

She smiled bitterly. "The woman is always to blame."

"Did your father tell you that?"

"My father reminded me that I was twenty-one years old, last birthday—and told me that I could do as I liked. I understood him, and I left the house."

"You will go back again, I suppose?"

"I don't know."

Sir Giles began pacing the room

once more. His rugged face, telling its story of disaster and struggle in early life, showed signs of disappointment and distress.

"Hugh promised to write to me," he said, "and he has not written. I know what that means; I know what you have done to offend your father. My nephew has asked you to marry him for the second time. And for the second time you have refused."

Her face softened; its better and younger aspect revived. "Yes," she said, sadly and submissively; "I have refused him again."

Sir Giles lost his temper. "What the devil is your objection to Hugh?" he burst out.

"My father said the same thing to me," she replied, "almost in the same words. I made him angry when I tried to give my reason. I don't want to make you angry, too."

He took no notice of this. "Isn't Hugh a good fellow?" he went on. "Isn't he affectionate? and kindhearted? and honourable?—aye, and a handsome man too, if you come to that."

"Hugh is all that you say. I like him; I admire him; I owe to his kindness some of the happiest days of my sad life, and I am grateful—oh, with all my heart, I am grateful to Hugh!"

"If that's true, Iris"—

"Every word of it is true."

"I say, if that's true—there's no excuse for you. I hate perversity in a young woman! Why don't you marry him?"

"Try to feel for me," she said gently; "I can't love him."

Her tone said more to the banker than her words had expressed. The secret sorrow of her life, which was known to her father, was known also to Sir Giles.

"Now we have come to it at last!" he said. "You can't love my nephew Hugh. And you won't tell me the reason why, because your sweet temper shrinks from making me angry. Shall I mention the reason for you, my dear? I can do it in two words—Lord Harry."

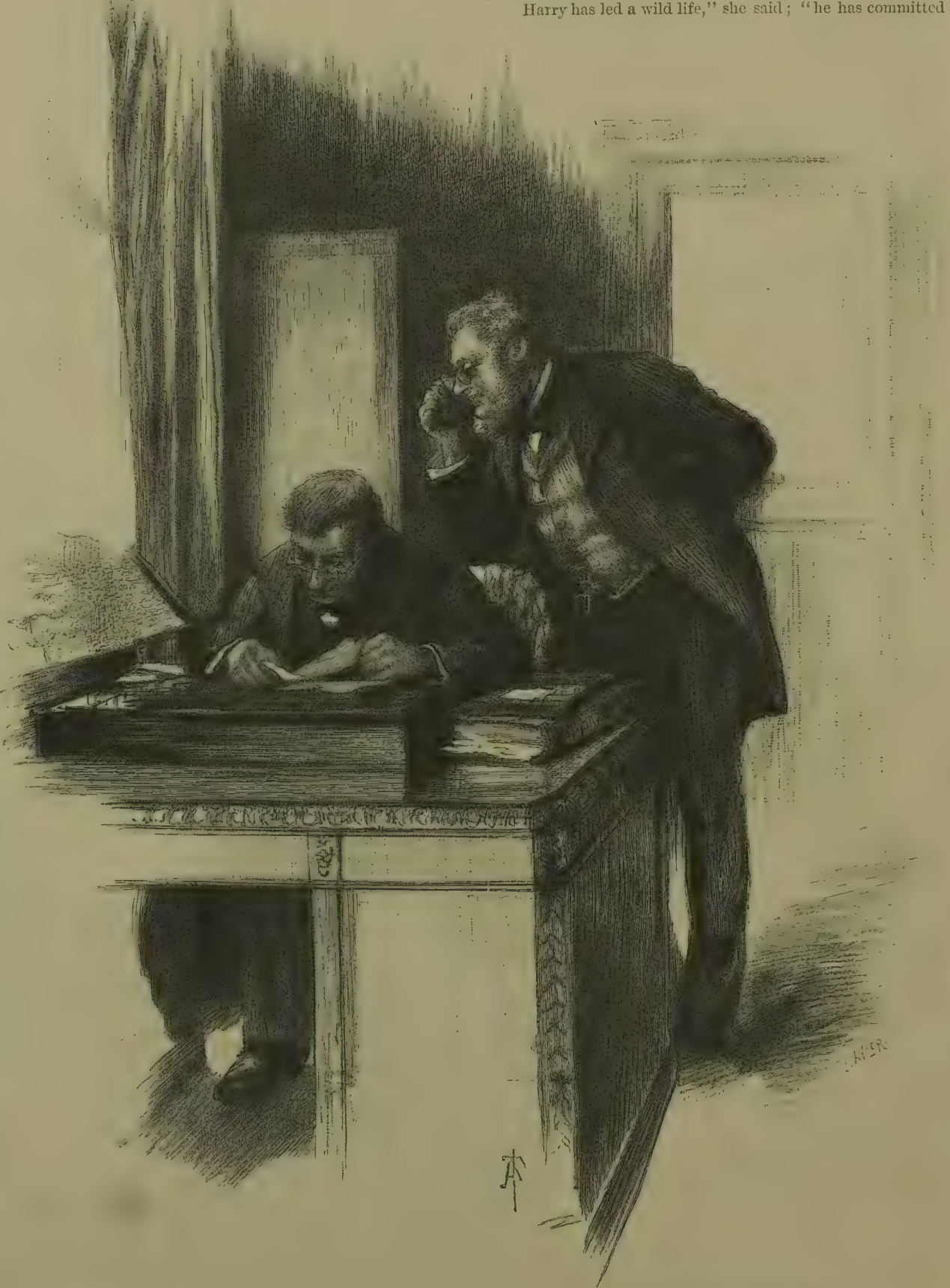
She made no reply; she showed no sign of feeling what he had just said. Her head sank a little; her hands clasped themselves on her lap; the obstinate resignation which can submit to anything hardened her face, stiffened her figure—and that was all.

The banker was determined not to spare her.

"It's easy to see," he resumed, "that you have not got over your infatuation for that vagabond yet. Go where he may, into the vilest places and among the lowest people, he carries your heart along with him. I wonder you are not ashamed of such an attachment as that."

He had stung her at last. She roused herself, and answered him.

"Harry has led a wild life," she said; "he has committed



Lifting the perforated paper, he placed it delicately over the page which contained the unintelligible writing.

serious faults, and he may live to do worse than he has done yet. To what degradation, bad company, and a bad bringing-up may yet lead him, I leave his enemies to foresee. But I tell you this, he has redeeming qualities which you, and people like you, are not good Christians enough to discover. He has friends who can still appreciate him—your nephew, Arthur Mountjoy, is one of them. Oh, I know it by Arthur's letters to me! Blame Lord Harry as you may, I tell you he has the capacity for repentance in him, and one day—when it is too late, I dare say—he will show it. I can never be his wife. We are parted, never in all likelihood to meet again. Well! he is the only man whom I have ever loved; and he is the only man whom I ever shall love. If you think this state of mind proves that I am as bad as he is, I won't contradict you. Do we any of us know how bad we are?—Have you heard of Harry lately?"

The sudden transition, from an earnest and devoted defence of the man, to an easy and familiar inquiry about him, startled Sir Giles.

For the moment, he had nothing to say: Iris had made him think. She had shown a capacity for mastering her strongest feelings, at the moment when they threatened to overcome her, which is very rarely found in a young woman. How to manage her was a problem for patient resolution to solve. The banker's obstinacy, rather than his conviction, had encouraged him to hold to the hope of Hugh's marriage, even after his nephew had been refused for the second time. His headstrong goddaughter had come to visit him of her own accord. She had not forgotten the days of her childhood, when he had some influence over her—when she had found him kinder to her than her father had ever been. Sir Giles saw that he had taken the wrong tone with Iris. His anger had not alarmed her; his opinion had not influenced her. In Hugh's interests, he determined to try what consideration and indulgence would do towards cultivating the growth of her regard for him. Finding that she had left her maid and her luggage at the hotel, he hospitably insisted on their removal to his own house.

"While you are in Ardoon, Iris, you are my guest," he said.

She pleased him by readily accepting the invitation—and then annoyed him by asking again if he had heard anything of Lord Harry.

He answered shortly and sharply: "I have heard nothing. What is *your* last news of him?"

"News," she said, "which I sincerely hope is not true. An Irish paper has been sent to me, which reports that he has joined the secret society—nothing better than a society of assassins, I am afraid—which is known by the name of the Invincibles."

As she mentioned that formidable brotherhood, Dennis Howmore returned from the police-office. He announced that a Sergeant was then waiting to receive instructions from Sir Giles.

V.

Iris rose to go. Her godfather courteously stopped her.

"Wait here," he said, "until I have spoken to the Sergeant, and I will escort you to my house. My clerk will do what is necessary at the hotel. You don't look quite satisfied. Is the arrangement that I have proposed not agreeable to you?"

Iris assured him that she gratefully acceded to the arrangement. At the same time, she confessed to having been a little startled, on discovering that he was in consultation with the police. "I remember that we are in Ireland," she explained, "and I am foolish enough to fear that you may be in some danger. May I hope that it is only a trifle?"

Only a trifle! Among other deficient sensibilities in the strange nature of Iris, Sir Giles had observed an imperfect appreciation of the dignity of his social position. Here was a new proof of it! The temptation to inspire sentiments of alarm—not unmingled with admiration—in the mind of his insensible goddaughter, by exhibiting himself as a public character threatened by a conspiracy, was more than the banker's vanity could resist. Before he left the room, he instructed Dennis to tell Miss Henley what had happened, and to let her judge for herself whether he had been needlessly alarmed by, what she was pleased to call, "a mere trifle."

Dennis Howmore must have been more than mortal, if he could have related his narrative of events without being influenced by his own point of view. On the first occasion when he mentioned Arthur Mountjoy's name, Iris showed a sudden interest in his strange story which took him by surprise.

"You know Mr. Arthur?" he said.

"Know him!" Iris repeated. "He was my playfellow when we were both children. He is as dear to me as if he was my brother. Tell me at once—is he really in danger?"

Dennis honestly repeated what he had already said, on that subject, to his master. Miss Henley, entirely agreeing with him, was eager to warn Arthur of his position. There was no telegraphic communication with the village which was near his farm. She could only write to him; and she did write to him, by that day's post—having reasons of her own for anxiety, which forbade her to show her letter to Dennis. Well aware of the devoted friendship which united Lord Harry and Arthur Mountjoy—and bearing in mind the newspaper report of the Irish lord's rash association with the Invincibles—her fears now identified the noble vagabond as the writer of the anonymous letters, which had so seriously excited her godfather's doubts of his own safety.

When Sir Giles returned, and took her with him to his house, he spoke of his consultation with the Sergeant in terms which increased her dread of what might happen in the future. She was a dull and silent guest, during the interval that elapsed before it would be possible to receive Arthur's reply. The day arrived—and the post brought no relief to her anxieties. The next day passed without a letter. On the morning of the fourth day, Sir Giles rose later than usual. His correspondence was sent to him from the office, at breakfast-time. After opening one of the letters, he dispatched a messenger in hot haste to the police.

"Look at that," he said, handing the letter to Iris. "Does the assassin take me for a fool?"

She read the lines that follow:

"Unforeseen events force me, Sir Giles, to run a serious risk. I must speak to you, and it must not be by daylight. My one hope of safety is in darkness. Meet me at the first milestone, on the road to Garvan, when the moon sets at ten o'clock to-night. No need to mention your name. The password is: *Fidelity*."

"Do you mean to go?" Iris asked.

"Do I mean to be murdered!" Sir Giles broke out. "My dear child, do pray try to think before you speak. The Sergeant will represent me, of course."

"And take the man prisoner?" Iris added.

"Certainly!"

With that startling reply, the banker hurried away to receive the police in another room. Iris dropped into the nearest chair. The turn that the affair had now taken filled her with unutterable dismay.

Sir Giles came back, after no very long absence, composed and smiling. The course of proceeding had been settled to his complete satisfaction.

Dressed in private clothes, the Sergeant was to go to the milestone at the appointed time, representing the banker in the darkness, and giving the pass-word. He was to be followed by two of his men who would wait in concealment, within hearing of his whistle, if their services were required. "I want to see the ruffian when he is safely handcuffed," Sir Giles explained; "and I have arranged to wait for the police, to-night, at my office."

There was but one desperate way that Iris could now discern of saving the man who had confided in her godfather's honour, and whose trust had already been betrayed. Never had she loved the outlawed Irish lord—the man whom she was forbidden, and rightly forbidden, to marry—as she loved him at that moment. Let the risk be what it might, this resolute woman had determined that the Sergeant should not be the only person who arrived at the milestone, and gave the pass-word. There was one devoted friend to Lord Harry, whom she could always trust—and that friend was herself.



"Having nobody to go to but my godfather, I thought I should like to see You."

Sir Giles withdrew, to look after his business at the bank. She waited until the clock had struck the servants' dinner hour, and then ascended the stairs to her godfather's dressing-room. Opening his wardrobe, she discovered in one part of it a large Spanish cloak, and, in another part, a high-crowned felt-hat which he wore on his country excursions. In the dark, here was disguise enough for her purpose.

As she left the dressing-room, a measure of precaution occurred to her, which she put in action at once. Telling her maid that she had some purchases to make in the town, she went out, and asked her way to Garvan of the first respectable stranger whom she met in the street. Her object was to walk as far as the first milestone, in daylight, so as to be sure of finding it again by night. She had made herself familiar with the different objects on the road, when she returned to the banker's house.

As the time for the arrest drew nearer, Sir Giles became too restless to wait patiently at home. He went away to the police-office, eager to hear if any new counter-conspiracy had occurred to the authorities.

It was dark soon after eight o'clock, at that time of the year. At nine the servants assembled at the supper-table. They were all downstairs together, talking, and waiting for their meal.

Feeling the necessity of arriving at the place of meeting,

in time to keep out of the Sergeant's way, Iris assumed her disguise as the clock struck nine. She left the house without a living creature to notice her, indoors or out. Clouds were gathering over the sky. The waning moon was only to be seen at intervals, as she set forth on her way to the milestone.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON FLOWER MISSION.

Our Artist has made a few Sketches at the offices of the Flower Mission in Clerkenwell-close. There is, during the winter, a penny dinner for schoolchildren three times a week. The reception of candidates for employment is held in the evening, Mr. Groome and the secretary being in attendance. Applicants come forward to be allowed a ticket for a basket stocked with flowers, which is granted to girls and women of good character. Certain of the committee attend the market, to purchase the flowers wholesale. On receipt of the ticket, the girls get the basket of flowers for the day, returning the money to the mission-rooms at night. In our Illustration of the scene, it may be imagined that the young girl in a shawl is a fresh applicant, brought forward by an old hand, who answers for her good behaviour.

Artificial flower-making is also taught to the young women in a large upper room, which at night is transformed into "a working, reading, and recreative room" for girls. It is furnished with a piano or harmonium, papers, games, and writing-tables; and light refreshments are provided.

Further information concerning the London Flower Mission may be obtained by inquiry of Mr. Groom, 8, Seckford-street, Clerkenwell-close.

THE ETHICS OF SOPHOCLES AND SHAKSPEARE.

At a meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, held at their rooms in Delahay-street, Dr. W. Knighton, vice-president, in the chair, a paper was read by Mr. Churton Collins on "The Ethics of Sophocles and Shakspeare." The paper opened with the citation of striking passages from the fragments of Cicero's "De Republica," prophesying the advent of a universal religion, in which the influence of a Supreme Controller should be recognised over all events; but, though time had falsified this prophecy, yet everything tended to show that the world was working instinctively towards sympathy and fusion. Drawing a contrast between the aspects under which Sophocles and Shakspeare regarded the great principles by which Nature and humanity are governed, the reader laid down the distinction that the Greek dramatist subordinated ethics to theology, whereas the English one may be said to subordinate theology to ethics. The general result at which Mr. Churton Collins arrived was that these poets while arriving practically at the same conclusions with regard to life and regard to man, Shakspeare contemplates man rather in relation to himself, to duty, and to society, than to the Unseen. It is always in relation to the Unseen and the Divine, and only secondarily in relation to himself and his surroundings, that he is contemplated by Sophocles.

After some appropriate remarks from the chair, in the course of which Dr. Knighton complimented the reader both upon his manner and his matter, the discussion was continued by Dr. Zerff, who specially alluded to the effect of time and circumstance upon the productions of a writer; and by the secretary, Mr. Gilbert Highton, who somewhat combated the view that Shakspeare treated theology as a secondary subject to ethics.

The Oxford Enceenia or Commemoration took place on June 27, when the Sheldonian Theatre was crowded. Honorary degrees were conferred upon the Bishop of Ripon, Sir Robert Morier, Sir Alfred Lyall, Mr. J. S. Billings, M.D., Mr. B. Hodgson, and Mr. C. D. Fortnum—all of whom were well received, the Bishop of Ripon especially so. The public orator delivered the Cretian oration, his reference to the late John Bright being much applauded. The various prize compositions were then recited, and on the conclusion of the proceedings the Vice-Chancellor, the newly-made doctors, and a large number of others were entertained at luncheon at All Souls' College.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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A WATER TOURNAMENT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

DRAWN BY E. MORANT COX.

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

Nineteenth Century.—Mr. Gladstone's "Plain Speaking on the Irish Union" consists of historical anecdotes of 1798 and 1799, which have long ago been extant in books read by students of a dismal period of history. Mr. Harold Cox proposes to benefit the unemployed by prohibiting the employed working beyond eight hours a day. The Forth bridge is precisely described by Sir John Fowler and Mr. B. Baker, engineers of that great construction. The pleading of Mr. H. A. Jones against hasty condemnation of new plays on the first night of their performance may gain the assent of conscientious dramatic critics. Lady Eva Quin, whose deeds of prowess as a tiger-killer were lately reported from India, narrates her sport in the jungle of Nepal. The medical attendant of Lord Beaconsfield from November, 1878, to April, 1881, Dr. Kidd, gives an account of his illness. Mlle. Blaze de Bury concludes her retrospect of the notabilities of the Théâtre Français. The ladies' battle on the female suffrage question is taken up by Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Ashton Dilke in a spirited reply to the ladies who protest against their sex being politically enfranchised. Mr. Karl Blind, an earnest champion of Italian, European, and cosmopolitan freedom, exalts the memory of Giordano Bruno, the Huxley or Herbert Spencer or Frederic Harrison of the sixteenth century, who was burnt at the stake in Papal Rome, in the lifetime of John Locke. Sir Morell Mackenzie, having visited Madeira and Teneriffe (Orotava), compares their respective advantages for consumptive, bronchitic, and asthmatic invalids. The story of "Mr. Dandelow," by the Rev. Dr. Jessop, is amusing and finally affecting. A description, by Mr. J. D. Rees, of the actual state of Persia under the Shah will claim attention during his Majesty's visit to England.

Contemporary Review.—The organisation of Christian missionary agencies for India is examined by Mr. Meredith Townsend, who considers that the European missionary should be only a kind of bishop, directing native evangelists. Mr. Walter Besant relates the brief attempt of 1843 to establish a copyright protection Society of British Authors. Miss Paulina Irby, known for her benevolent labours in Bosnia, describes the gradual improvement of that province under Austrian rule. The prospects of theological scholarship at Oxford are defended by Professor Sanday against the depreciatory estimate of them by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mr. J. M. Barrie, the author of several clever and humorous Scotch stories, enters ably into a critical examination of the acknowledged merits of Mr. Thomas Hardy as an English novelist. It may readily be admitted that Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs is an authority on currency questions; but his style of presenting a discussion of the problem of bimetalism, in an after-dinner talk, is a literary surprise. Mrs. Haws, who has expounded the principles of dress, propounds some truths on the making and wearing of jewellery. The ethnological speculations concerning the primeval abode of the "Aryan" or Indo-European race of mankind are reviewed by Professor Sayce, who has given up the belief that it was in Asia, and thinks with Dr. Penka that it was in northern Europe. "Male and female created He them," by Miss Julia Wedgwood, the author of that brilliant work "Moral Ideals," in which the stages of ethical development are traced from Paganism to Christianity, is an essay of much insight concerning the share of womanhood in the social progress of humanity, with a recognition, in the spiritual sense, of "the Divine Feminine principle in God." "Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan." Politicians who have not yet had enough of the position of Irish tenantry may peruse Mr. J. J. Clancy's exposition of alleged failures in the working of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881.

Fortnightly Review.—The critical literary gallery of portraits of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, in which Mr. Algernon Swinburne has been at work, obtains another study in Philip Massinger. An unsigned article, possibly by Sir Charles Dilke, treats of the chances of defending Swiss neutrality in the next European war. The sociological domestic dramas of the Norwegian Ibsen are discussed by Mr. William Archer with high appreciation from a literary point of view, though he thinks them scarcely adapted to the English stage. Some personal observation of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, in a tour in the Balkans, enables Mr. J. D. Bourchier to give a very favourable opinion. Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes an interesting memoir of that fine scholar, the late Edward Fitzgerald, translator of "Omar Khayyam" and of other Oriental poetry. The Shah at home in Persia, and on his travels in his own country, was seen and interviewed by Mr. J. Theodore Bent, whose impressions are not disagreeable. Professor Dowden has always something worth hearing to say; and there is good biographical criticism in his lecture on Goethe's attitude towards the French Revolution. The tourist in Europe who cares to hear of a place which few know to exist may follow Sir Henry Pottinger's narrative of his visit to Nordenskjär, an island at the extreme upper end of the Gulf of Bothnia, adjacent to Lapland. The ethical justification of punishment is ably maintained by Mr. W. S. Lilly, in opposition to some fallacious philosophical theories of human action, which are the old paradox of denying free-will under new logical disguises. Another reply, closely argumentative and sustained by abundance of facts, to the *Nineteenth Century* lady opponents of woman suffrage, appears in this magazine, with a very long list of names, those of ladies distinguished in rank, or by the eminence of their husbands, or by the offices they have held, or as founders, heads, teachers, and students of colleges or schools, or by philanthropic, literary, artistic, or business activity, who demand the parliamentary electoral franchise. Mr. Edward Clifford writes once more of his visit to Father Damien in Molokai, and of leprosy in India; while Dr. P. S. Abraham contributes a valuable scientific note on the causes of that disease.

National Review.—For a good startling title, "The Threatened Abdication of Man," which Mrs. Lynn Lynton flourishes in scorn of our sex if we basely consent to let women householders vote at the election of Members of Parliament, may serve the cause of obstructive prejudice better than sober reason. Dr. Johnson, in A.D. 1900, will have been interviewed, at his present residence in the Elysian Fields, by a literary reporter; and his critical judgments of Keats and Shelley, Tennyson and Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne, have already been communicated to Mr. William Watson. The author of the Encyclopædia Britannica article on Vaccination, Dr. Creighton, defends himself against the severe strictures of Mr. H. Preston Thomas. Mr. Austen Pember, from a lay Churchman's, not a clergyman's, point of view, shows that there is room for the Church to adapt some portion of its services more congenially to children. The management of infirmaries established under the Poor Law is explained and discussed by Miss Louisa Twining. We thank Mr. J. G. Alger for an interesting chapter in the early life of George Sand (Aurore Dupin in her girlhood), when she was at the Austin Nunnery School in Paris, with several English Catholic schoolfellows, under an English schoolmistress. Mr. G. Rome Hall's temperate and fair-minded estimate of the political sentiments of the English working classes is rather clumsily

written. The biographical sketch, by Mr. Cyril Walters, of the once-famous literary censor and satirist Gifford, the first editor of the *Quarterly*, is worthy at least of its subject. Mr. C. Radcliffe Cooke, M.P., furnishes some amusing anecdotes of personal experiences in the lobby, the smoking-room, and the ladies' gallery of the House of Commons.

Universal Review.—"Will General Boulanger succeed?" is a question which the editor thinks fit to allow seven different writers here to discuss, No. 1 being General Boulanger himself, whose opinion, or that which he professes, we need not state; No. 2, a Russian diplomatist, who can hardly know much about it; No. 3, a French Radical leader, who predicts the final and irremediable discomfiture of Boulanger at the coming elections. The others are M. Naquet, who is the political wirepuller of the Boulanger puppet-show; Madame Adam, who is the Madame De Staël of the modern Girondins; the Comte de Mun, one of the Royalist and Clerical party, who hope to use Boulanger for the overthrow of the Republic; and Louise Michel, the female Anarchist apostle, who believes that the success of Boulanger will bring in the Commune. M. De Cassagnac, the Napoleonist, thinks it may be turned to a revival of the Empire. What has English public opinion to do with these odious intrigues? The other contents of the *Universal Review*, as literature, have very little interest. Mr. Harry Quilter, the editor, examines some of the pictures in the Paris Salon, of which fine photographic process illustrations are presented. The history of the ornamentation of titlepages in old books, a curious subject of antiquarian and artistic interest, treated by Mr. Alfred Pollard, is also illustrated. Mr. Graham Tomson's romantic ballad, "The Quern of the Giants," is not good verse or poetry; nor are Mr. C. H. Shannon's designs for it good examples of art. "The Abolition of Musical Clefs," advocated by Mr. E. Glode Ellis, must be referred to the consideration of those conversant with the science of music. "Light and Shadow" is the commencement of what promises to be a dull and heavy novel. "Things Missed in India," an article necessarily of a negative character, affords much cause for satisfaction with our lot of home life in England.

New Review.—Our present Asiatic guest, the Shah of Persia, with his Court at Teheran, his hunting sports, and the state of his dominions, is the subject of a panegyric by Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory, who lately visited Persia. Lord Coleridge gives us the first part of a more than friendly, perhaps less than judicial, analysis of the merits of Matthew Arnold as an author, especially as a poet. Mr. Bradlaugh sturdily opposes the sentimentalist movement to restrict the labour of English workmen to eight hours a day. Some listener to the dinner-table conversation of distinguished persons, who discreetly prefers to be nameless, attempts to describe the qualities of Mr. Gladstone and other public men as talkers in private society. The turning-point of British and Colonial policy in South Africa is ably discussed by Lord Ebrington and by Sir G. Baden-Powell. The Eiffel Tower is described by M. Eiffel himself. Professor St. George Mivart gives an account of the Franciscan Order the Grey Friars, and its branches the Observants and the Capuchins, in our own country. The Countess of Cork selects from Biblical history three individual types of womanly character—namely, Sarah "the imperious," Rebekah "the worldly-wise," and Rachel "the well-beloved," whose dispositions she compares.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The unsolved puzzle of the intention and dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets is resuscitated by Mr. Oscar Wilde in a fantastic guise; there may be likelihood in his theory that "Mr. W. H." was one Willie Hughes, a pretty youth among the actors; but the wild fiction of a forged portrait and a remorseful suicide could well be spared. "Scenes from a Silent World," thoughtful observations of the moods of convicts in prison, are continued. Mr. W. W. Story's "Recent Conversations in a Studio" treat of changes in taste, in costume, art, language, and literature. Colonel Mark Sever Bell continues his description of Southern Persia. The "Impressionist" still loiters and prates in the Western Scottish Highlands. The critical situation of European adventures in East Central Africa is shrewdly investigated by a writer who speaks of Emin Pasha as "an Austrian Jew, *quondam* named Schnitzer," and of Mr. H. M. Stanley as "a Welshman, *quondam* named Rowlands;" but who hopes that Tippoo Tip will be put down.

Macmillan's Magazine.—In the twenty-seventh chapter of Mr. Clark Russell's "Marooned," the hero and heroine are still on the lonely island. Australian politics are favourably represented by Mr. B. R. Wise, late Attorney-General of New South Wales. "The Nemesis of Sentimentalism," a criticism of modern French novelists, is chiefly occupied with Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." An account of the hill-tribes of Chittagong, by Mr. C. T. Buckland, would have been more useful two or three months ago, during the late military expedition. "The Madness of Father Felipe" is a South American story. Prudentius, the Christian Latin poet of the fourth century, may have some interest for scholars. Mr. Goldwin Smith, holding war to be a great evil, has yet no difficulty in showing that it has sometimes accelerated the spread of civilisation.

Murray's Magazine.—Lord Carnarvon's study of the old Venetian system of government is instructive. The organisation and training of our Rifle Volunteers are examined by Major Flood Page, with some reference to the removal of the annual shooting-matches from Wimbledon to Bisley Common. Mr. Clifford Harrison treats of recitation as an art and accomplishment. Indian sports, pig-sticking, ibex-shooting, and bear-hunting are described from experience. The manners and conversation of schoolmasters in ordinary society are frankly scrutinised by one of that profession. Mr. Morley Roberts narrates his experiences of the life of a common sailor.

Longman's Magazine.—"The Bell of St. Paul's" is continued by Mr. Walter Besant, while Mrs. Oliphant finishes "Lady Car." Miss E. Nesbit contributes a religious poem, called "Rucking Church." Mr. E. Clayton's "Sunrise in Sussex" reminds us of the late Richard Jefferies. The economic effect of a rise of wages is discussed by Miss Clementina Black. Mrs. Alfred Hunt's little story, "A Musical Triumph," is rather pleasing.

The following is a list of magazines received, which appear to maintain their known repute for excellence and variety of literary contents: the *Cornhill* (with the beginning of a new story, "The Burnt Million," by Mr. James Payn); *Time*, edited by Mr. Walter Sichel; *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*; the *Newbery House Magazine*, a new monthly review for clergy and laity of the Church of England; the *English Illustrated Magazine*; *Woman's World* and *Atalanta*; the *Argosy*, with its Summer Number; *Tinsley's Magazine*; the *Magazine of Art*; *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*; *Sylvia's Home Journal*; the *Theatre*, edited by Mr. Clement Scott; the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*; *Forest's Sporting Notes and Sketches*; *Good Words*, the *Leisure Hour*, and *Cassell's Magazine*; the *Season*; the *Lady's Magazine*; and the American magazines, *Harper's Monthly*, the *Century*, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Lippincott's* (Philadelphia); all of which have their respective claims on the favour of accustomed readers.

A WATER TOURNAMENT.

The "Sports and Pastimes of the English People" have been described by the antiquary Strutt; and this aquatic parody of chivalrous tilting, the warlike exercise of knights and nobles, much in favour among the citizens and 'prentices of Old London, is more particularly noticed by Stow, an Elizabethan chronicler. It is depicted in the illustrations of ancient manuscripts of the time of Henry II., and was practised so late as the reign of Henry VIII., for Stow mentions having seen it in his youth. Instead of mounting on horseback, the mock combatants were rowed against each other in small wherries on the Thames; each was armed with a pole, and bore a painted wooden shield; they strove to knock one another off the boat into the water, and few could escape a harmless ducking. This must have been capital fun; another tournament performance was that of tilting, in like manner, at the "quintain," a board suspended from a mast, or a frame, so that it would turn round when struck with the lance, and the other end of the revolving beam would retaliate on the tilter with the blow of a swinging sand-bag, likely to knock him down. The "quintain" also, originally a Moorish or Saracenic invention, was borrowed from the knightly feats or trials of skill in vogue under the Plantagenet reigns, and especially patronised by King Edward IV. Our Artist, Mr. E. Morant Cox, has made a spirited drawing of the popular pastime of Londoners on the Thames in the fifteenth century.

ART NOTES.

A special exhibition of pictures in oils and water colours is now open at the Society of British Artists (Suffolk-street, Pall-mall), which, we doubt not, will prove attractive for the double reason that many of the works are full of merit, and admission to see them is gratuitous. The collection now on view is the result of an appeal by the President and Council to former and present members of the society to re-establish the reserve fund, which has hitherto enabled the committee to carry out some of the objects of the Institution. The response made to the appeal has been cordial and practical: artists, instead of sending the scourgings of their studios, have either contributed some specially painted work, or have—as in the case of Sir Frederick Leighton—given valuable studies of pictures which have attracted attention elsewhere. Of such an exhibition, which all have assisted so generously, it would be invidious to make a detailed criticism. In addition, however, to the President's study for his Academy picture—"Greek Girls playing at Ball" (45), Mr. G. F. Watts's interesting study (131), Mr. P. H. Calderon's "Abandonata" (181), as showing the interest taken by Royal Academicians in the object of this exhibition, we may mention a few of the more attractive works upon the walls. These include Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Near Leigh" (266); Mr. E. C. Robinson's "Tardy Spring" (234); a sketch by Mr. G. E. Clausen (16); the interior of "St. Sebald, Nuremberg" (36), by the President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss—and his still more important "Cloisters of Salisbury Cathedral" (273); Mr. V. P. Yeslarias' "Sea Holly" (260); Mr. Nelson Dawson's "The Silver Sea" (40); Miss Clara Montalba's "Sketch near Cannes" (48); a "Street in Algiers" (95), by Mr. Ernest George; Mr. C. G. Kilburne's "Hunting Morning" (202); and a very remarkable group in terra-cotta, "Philip and the Eunuch" (55), by Mr. George Tinworth, who holds a unique position among the modellers of the day. Altogether the exhibition is worthy of those who have supported it, and deserves the attention of all picture collectors.

Mr. Roussoff, the Russian artist, whose studies of Venice and Venetian life brought him into favourable notice a few years ago, has made a great stride in advance, as will be recognised by those who may visit his views of Cairo, now arranged at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street). Mr. Roussoff is, above all things, a colourist, and in Cairene life he has found ample scope for his peculiar talent; and he has wisely attempted to give some idea of the life and movement of the Arab quarter of the city. With the exception of one head—which is a fine specimen of rich colouring and direct painting—the streets and mosques, inside and outside, have furnished subjects for the twenty highly-finished pictures which constitute the present exhibition. Each of these has its own special touch of beauty. Among the out-door subjects the "Morning" (5) and "Midday" (11), studies of the Arab quarter with its rich architecture, the "Street decorated with Flags" (14) are among the most interesting; whilst "The Interior of the Mosque" (19) and of the harem (12) are those in which Mr. Roussoff shows his powers to the best advantage. The exhibition is, in point of numbers, a very small one; but it is not the less attractive—especially at the close of the season—on that account.

In the Bankruptcy Court the scheme of arrangement with the creditors of Viscount Mandeville, eldest son of the Duke of Manchester, to pay the debts in full, without interest, twelve months after the death of the Duke, has been duly confirmed.

An important meeting of the shareholders and debenture-holders of the Delagoa Bay Railway Company was held on June 28 at the Cannon-street Hotel, to protest against the threatened confiscation of their property by the Portuguese Government, and to resolve on the steps to be taken for the protection of their interests and rights. The chairman, Lord Castletown, a director of the company, and one of the trustees for the debenture-holders, gave a sketch, in his opening address, of the past history of the line, of the terms under which the concession for it was obtained, and of the actual and contemplated dealings of the Portuguese Government with respect to it. The statement laid before the meeting is borne out in every way by a "History of the Delagoa Bay Railway Concession," as set forth by the secretary of the company in a lengthy paper, claiming to be based upon Portuguese statements contained in Portuguese official documents. This paper brings some grave charges of trickery and bad faith against the Portuguese Government in its treatment of the company from the first.

In the magnificent hall of the Drapers' Company, the Master of the Fanmakers' Company and Mrs. A. G. Hennell entertained the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and numerous guests to a banquet on June 28. During the evening the Lady Mayoress and the wife of Mr. Sheriff Newton were presented with fans for which prizes were awarded at the recent competition, and to each lady a handsome memento of the occasion, in the shape of a fan painted with the civic arms and those of the company, was handed. In the course of the evening's speech-making the Lord Mayor declared that it was a matter of deep regret to him that the fan-making industry had been allowed to leave this country, and he was glad that it was being resuscitated, as it would be the means of providing ladies with employment. Mr. G. A. Sala, the proposer of the toast of the evening, recalled the fact that the Guild was incorporated in 1709, and in that year Joseph Addison had pointed out that the fan was the ladies' weapon. He strongly supported the efforts of those who were engaged in the revival of the trade in England, and amused his hearers by his interpretation of fan language as employed by the ladies of Spain.

THE JAVA VILLAGE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



GATEWAY OF THE JAVA VILLAGE.



REFRESHMENT-STALL ON THE MODEL OF A JAVA PAGODA.



JAVA DANCERS GOING TO THE THEATRE.



A JAVA RICE-SHOP.



MODEL OF RIVERSIDE HOUSE IN JAVA.

The island of Java belongs to the dominions of Holland; and the Dutch Commissioners for the Paris International Exhibition have arranged, in their portion of the Esplanade des Invalides, a model "kampong," or native village of Java, inhabited by forty men and twenty women brought from that remote country of the Eastern Asiatic archipelago, including skilled artisans of different classes, musicians and theatrical ballet-dancers, whose performances are highly entertaining. This Java village is under the direction of M. Richard, who has lived seventeen years in Java, and all its details may be relied upon as correct, and as characteristic of the habits and manners of that people.

The houses are constructed mainly of bamboo and palm-leaves, which were imported for this purpose; they were erected by the Javanese labourers, using their own simple tools, a hatchet and a knife, without a single nail or screw, binding together the pieces of bamboo framework with cords of a suitable vegetable fibre; the walls are plastered with fine clay, which is covered with pieces of leaf, or rind of bamboo, forming a regular pattern. There are no windows; even the doors and the floors are of bamboo; and the furniture is extremely simple. Some of the women cook the meals of rice and wash the clothes for the whole company. One lady, named M'Prède, is an artistic dyer of curious and pretty decorative handkerchiefs. Her process is a sort of etching, for she first spreads a thin layer of melted wax over the white silk or muslin; then, with a fine burin, scrapes off the wax on the parts which are to be coloured, tracing figures of animals, flowers, arabesques, or some fantastic design; lastly, she dips the handkerchief in the dye-pot, and it comes out, to be dried, with the design beautifully rendered in colour, leaving the remainder white. By the exercise of this art, for her Parisian customers, M'Prède is rapidly earning a good deal of money.

But the most interesting exhibition is that of the Javanese dancers, of whom there are five young women and one man.



PROCESSION OF JAVA MUSICIANS.

The male dancer and one of the females, the "Bong-geng," are performers of inferior rank, who are qualified only to display the common kind of popular entertainment. But four of these young ladies, whose names are Sarriem, Thamina, Soukia, and Ouakiham, the youngest of whom is twelve years of age, and the eldest sixteen, are of the highest class in their profession, the Order of the "Tandak"; they are of good birth, have been carefully educated in a sort of nunnery, and are trained, like the famous "Bayaderes" of ancient India, to assist in certain mystical rites of temple worship. They come from the district of Djogjarta, where

an hereditary caste of ceremonial dances has long been preserved; and they dwell, under strict supervision, in a palace appropriated to their residence by the Prince Manka Negara, who is their special patron and protector. As the women of this class, the "Tandak," are religiously brought up, with the sanction of the priesthood, while their office and their personal character are deemed highly respectable, they have sometimes become the wives of Princes and nobles; while others have been appointed to ecclesiastical services. Their dresses, made of the richest embroidered silks and velvets, with massive golden ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, and



THE JAVA DANCERS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

jewelled hair-dresses, are carefully regulated, and seem to have been copied from the costumes of sacred figures in the antique bas-reliefs that still exist among the Khmer ruins of temples in Cambodia, a province of Siam, which were erected two centuries before the Christian era by Prea-Thong, the exiled son of a Monarch of Delhi. This circumstance not only proves the antiquity and dignity of the institution of the "Tandak," but may also connect it, historically and traditionally, with that of the order of sacred female dancers in India, to whom the Portuguese gave the name of "Bayaderes," and whose performances were entirely different from those of the well-known nautch-girls. The four members of the "Tandak" now in Paris have been sent to France in special charge of M. Cores De Vries, whose father, an eminent Dutch colonist at Batavia, having rendered great services to Prince Manka Negara and his people, the Prince was induced to permit them to visit Europe, as a great favour to M. Cores De Vries and to the Dutch Government. Their performance, of which we give an illustration, is accompanied by the orchestral music of the "Gamelang"; and though it may seem dull and monotonous—consisting of slow, gliding movements, wavings of the arms, and waffings of the scarf, with a pantomime understood to be symbolical of some mythological legend of the gods and heroes—it has a rather impressive effect. Parisian levity does not understand its significance, which is, perhaps, more intelligible to learned students of the ancient religious poetry of the Asiatic nations.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The United Law Clerks' Society held their fifty-seventh anniversary festival dinner on June 26, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lord Herschell in the chair. The chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, said the society since its foundation had paid on account of sickness upwards of £17,000 to its members, while £30,000 had been paid for claims on deaths. The total number of members is now 916, and the secretary announced subscriptions amounting to £390.

The Duke of Cambridge presided on the same day at a meeting, at the Hôtel Métropole, in support of an appeal made by the City Orthopædic Hospital towards raising the sum requisite for buying premises adjoining the hospital and providing further accommodation. His Royal Highness said that about £1300 was spent annually on this charity, which opened about thirty beds to the public. The desire of the Committee of Management was to enlarge the premises, and if the freehold could be bought a great advantage would be achieved. The amount required for that freehold was originally £10,000, of which amount £2020 had been obtained, and he made an earnest appeal to all present to liberally subscribe towards considerably reducing the remaining £7800. The subscriptions amounted to £900, including £20 from the chairman.

On the same day the Earl of Aberdeen presided at the first festival dinner in aid of the Teachers' Benevolent and Orphan Funds, held at the Holborn Restaurant. The funds were established in 1878 for the double purpose of maintaining a home for the orphans of teachers in the elementary schools and for providing for the wants of necessitous teachers and their widows. The number of orphans assisted in 1888 was 157, and in the annuity branch for the assistance of teachers nine annuities of £30 and ten of £25 are now being paid. More than thirty boys are in residence at the home at Peckham, and twenty-one girls are being cared for in the girls' home at Sheffield. In proposing the toast of the evening, that of "Prosperity to the Funds," the Chairman made an earnest appeal on behalf of the charity, to the excellence of whose administration he bore strong testimony. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of about £200.

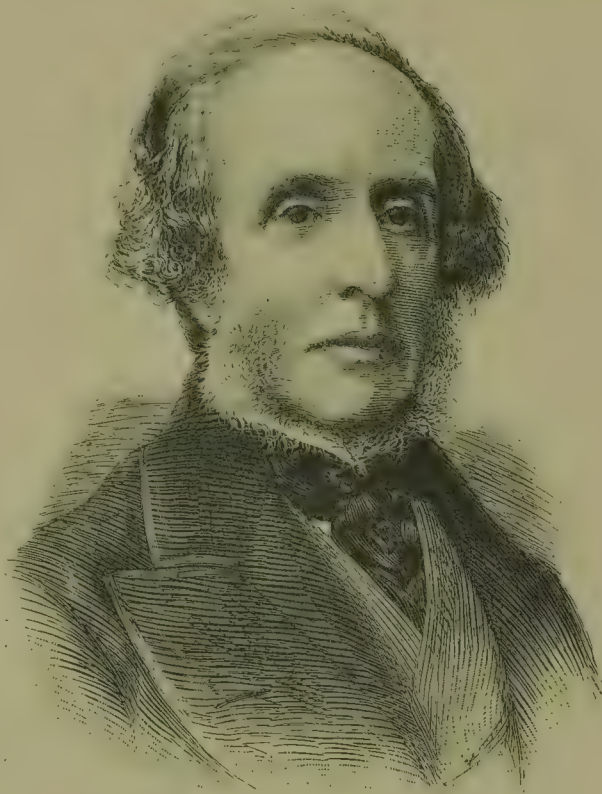
The festival dinner, given on June 27 in the Whitehall Rooms, in aid of the Solicitors' Benevolent Association, was a great success, resulting in the handsome addition to the funds of the institution of nearly £850. Sir Arnold William White, who presided, supplemented his earnest appeal in support of the charity by a donation of 100 guineas.

The annual meeting of the Railway Benevolent Institution was held at the Cannon-street Hotel on the same day, Mr. D. Stevenson, of the London and North-Western Railway, presiding. The report stated that the receipts from all sources had now reached the highest point in the history of the institution, viz., £42,875, including a legacy of £2000 from the late Mr. J. A. Grahame, for the Scotch branch; and the amount had been invested to found annuities, which would be available henceforth for the benefit of the members on the lines of railway in Scotland. They also included the sum of £3230 14s. 10d. received from the honorary secretaries of the Grierson Memorial Fund, for the foundation in perpetuity of annuities for the maintenance and education of the orphans of railway officers and servants, the nomination of the children being invested in Mrs. Grierson for life, and subsequently in the Chairman of the Great Western Railway Company and the Board of Management of the Institution alternately. One hundred and six persons were appointed to receive annuities, and twenty-three officers' children were admitted to the school, in addition to thirty-six servants' children admitted to the orphanage at Derby.

Lord Aberdare presided the same day at No. 105, Jermyn-street, over the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. From the report it appeared that 46,208 essays had been written in metropolitan schools on the subject of "The duty of kindness to animals," about 10,000 more than in the society's competition of last year. The convictions had reached the unprecedented number of 5236, being 286 in excess of those of 1887. In a brief address the chairman said that the expenditure for the year had been £22,000. His Lordship proceeded to refer to the recent decision given in the prosecution in connection with the dishorning of cattle, and characterised it as one of the greatest victories ever obtained by the society. In the afternoon, the Duchess of Westminster distributed the prizes to the successful essayists at St. James's Hall. With reference to the character of the competition, the secretary stated that one of the little essayists, in order to prove that it was wrong to cut off the tails of horses and cats, had quoted the Scriptural injunction, "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." Prior to the distribution of prizes, Professor Walley, late of the

Royal Veterinary College, Edinburgh, was presented with a gold medal in recognition of his services in connection with the prohibition of the dishorning of cattle.

The half-yearly meeting of the court of management of the Commercial Travellers' Schools was held on June 28 at Cannon-street Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. D. R. Harvest. The half-yearly report showed that the total receipts were £7388,



THE LATE MR. FREDERICK TAYLER, R.W.S.

which was a decrease compared with the same period of 1888 of £4252. It was pointed out, however, that the exceptional success of the anniversary dinner in 1887 would account for the apparent diminution, and that the ordinary sources of income, with the exception of the new annual subscriptions, would be found to be fully up to the average of former years. There are at present in the schools 240 boys and 129 girls, and their health generally was never more satisfactory.

Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, opened the new wing of the West Kent Infirmary, at Maidstone, on June 27. The wing was erected to the memory of the brothers Hollingworth, who, until the time of their death, resided at Turkey Court, Maidstone, and who were well known throughout the county as ever ready to support any scheme for the benefit of the poor and to assist deserving cases of charity. The cost of the wing has been £1700, and this has nearly all been subscribed by persons in all grades of life. The Princess arrived soon after one o'clock, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, Earl Amherst, and a large number of attendants.

Rank and fashion met in force on June 27 at Surrey House, Hyde Park-place, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Flower, at the opening of the sale of fancy work that has been organised

THE LATE MR. FREDERICK TAYLER, R.W.S.

This veteran artist, who was President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours from 1858 to 1871, and was its oldest member, having been elected an Associate in 1831, died on June 20, at the age of eighty-five. He was very highly praised by Ruskin in his "Modern Painters," and ranked with David Cox. His favourite subjects were scenes of Highland, rural, and sporting life. Of his pictures, "Weighing the Deer" and "Crossing the Tay" are best known to the general public through the popularity of the engravings. He was a keen sportsman, and delighted in painting hunting scenes both of ancient and modern times. Occasionally, also, he painted compositions of importance from Sir Walter Scott, in which his spirited rendering of horses and dogs was turned to good account, as in the festival of the "Popinjay." Several of his pictures are in the Royal collection. He was a juror at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and received the first gold medal and the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Later he received from Belgium the Order of Leopold; and in 1869 he was awarded the gold medal from Bavaria; also a medal from Austria in 1873.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the late Mr. John Watkins.

THE ROYAL PARK, TOKIO, JAPAN.

The capital city of Japan, formerly called Yedo, received its new name of Tokio, otherwise Tokai or Toké, in 1869, when the Mikado, the legitimate Sovereign of the Empire, having superseded the ruling Tycoons or Shoguns, who for ages had usurped the power of Government, removed to this "Eastern chief city" from Miako, his old residence in Kioto, the headquarters of the native Shinto and Japanese Buddhist religious systems. Tokio, which is now connected by railway with the commercial seaport and European settlement of Yokohama, eighteen miles distant, is a town of nearly a million inhabitants; and its central precinct, the "O-Shiro," enclosed by ramparts, contains the palace of the Mikado, with its gardens and pleasure-grounds. Other Royal parks and palaces are in the suburbs of Tokio, including that of O-Kama-goten, on an island of the Sumida-gawa River, where the Mikado entertains distinguished foreign visitors; the Shiba park, in which stood a famous temple of Buddha and the tombs of the Shoguns; the Mito-yashiki, and the delightful park of Ueno, with its lake, streams, and groves, amidst which are the shrines of sacred personages, and tea-houses for the refreshment of holiday parties. Our illustration gives some notion of the picturesque scenery of the Tokio Kensington Gardens, which are freely open to the public.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Sir Richard J. Graham, Bart., of Netherby, with Lady Cynthia Duncombe, third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Feversham, was celebrated in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on June 27. The bride entered the church with her father, and was met by six bridesmaids—Lady Ulrica Duncombe, sister of the bride, Miss Cecilia Wombwell, Lady Beatrice Meade, the Hon. Mabel Duncombe, the Hon. Cynthia and the Hon. Celia Milnes. Her train was held by her nephew, Viscount Helmsley. The service was choral.

The marriage of Mr. James Walker Larnach, son of Mr. D. Larnach, of East Grinstead, Sussex, with the Lady Isabel Boyle, youngest daughter of the Earl of Cork and Orrery, took place in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on June 29, in the presence of a large congregation. The bridegroom's brother, Mr. Sidney Larnach, was best man; and in attendance on the bride were two pages and eight bridesmaids, five of the latter being children. The bridesmaids were Miss Celise Hodgson, Miss Long, and Miss Lettice Long, nieces of the bride; Miss Larnach and Miss M. Larnach, nieces of the bridegroom; Miss

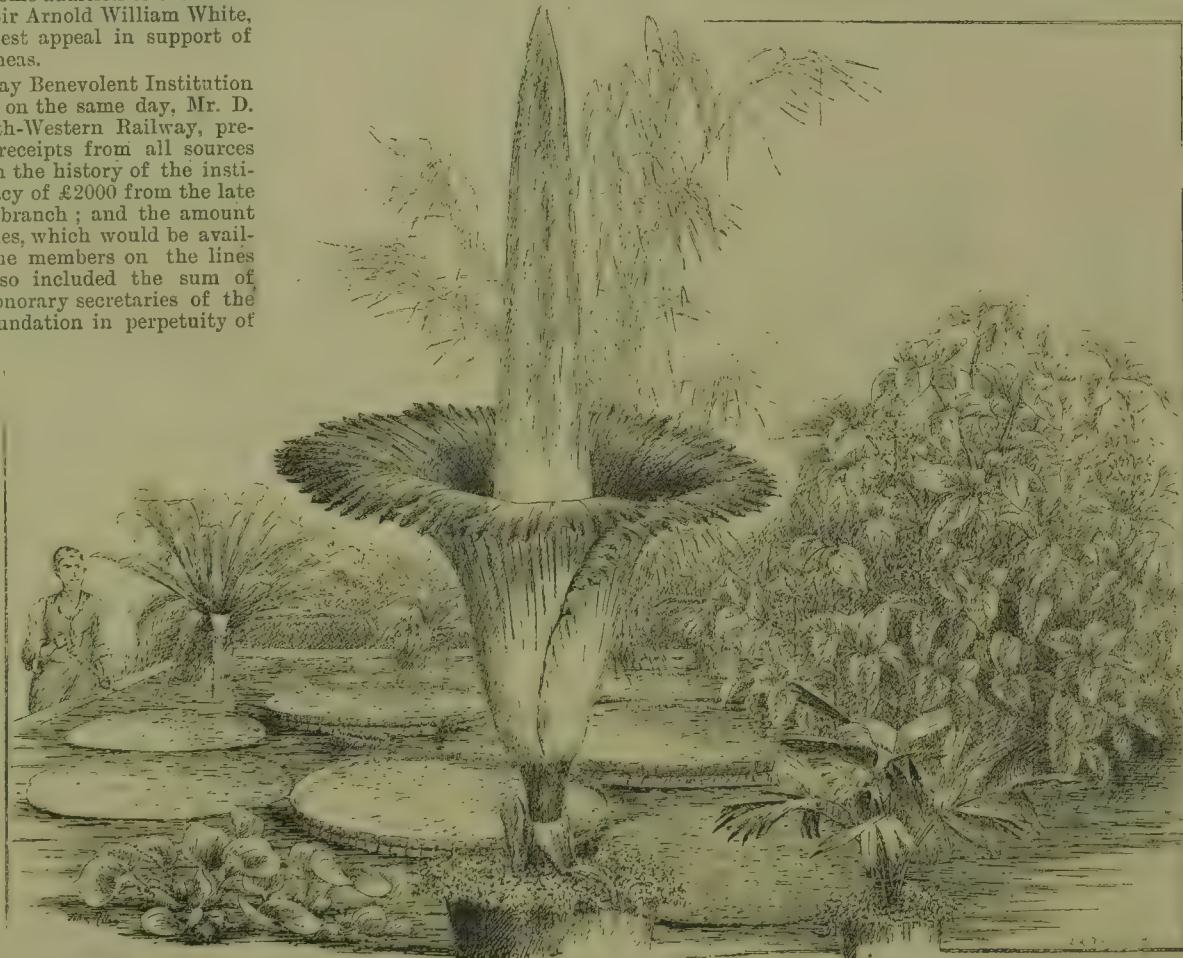
Wentworth, cousin of the bride; Lady Marjorie Hamilton-Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen; and Miss Garner. The Earl of Cork gave his daughter away. The Prince and Princess of Wales presented the bride with a moon-stone heart brooch set with diamonds and rubies.

AMORPHOPHALLUS TITANUM.

Scientific botanists have watched with interest the flowering of this gigantic aroid in the Water-Lily Tank at Kew Gardens, where it occupies a place beside the Victoria Regia, under the care of Mr. Watson, the Assistant-Curator. This extraordinary plant was discovered in 1878 by Dr. O. Beccari, the Italian botanist, in Sumatra. Seeds of it were raised by him in the Botanical Garden at Florence, and a little seedling was forwarded to Kew, in a three-inch pot. It has made a leaf annually, and has grown to imposing dimensions, though not equal to its full stature in Sumatra, where the leaf-stalk measured 10 ft. high and 3 ft. in circumference, while the size of the leaf-blade was 45 ft. in circumference. The leaf-stalk, or stem, is of a green colour mottled with white or yellowish spots, bearing at the summit a huge leaf-blade, divided primarily into three main branches, and subsequently into a mass of smaller ones, the ultimate subdivisions being ovate-lanceolate. The spathe is thrown up from the tuber at a different period, and its shape, also named "Conophallus," has

given a distinguishing name to the plant. It made its appearance, at half-past eight in the evening, on Friday, June 21, and has since been viewed with curiosity by many visitors to the Gardens. The flower stands nearly 6 ft. high. Our illustration is from a drawing by Mr. J. Allen.

The second meet of the Four-in-Hand Club took place at six o'clock on June 27 on the Horse Guards' Parade, and a large crowd assembled to witness the event. At two minutes past six seventeen coaches drove off, headed by Lord Aveland (president of the club), some being bound for the Crystal Palace, and others for Hurlingham and the Ranelagh Clubs.



THE AMORPHOPHALLUS TITANUM IN FLOWER IN KEW GARDENS.

for the benefit of Miss Ada Leigh's British and American Homes at Paris. Shortly before six o'clock the Princess of Wales arrived with Princess Victoria and Prince George of Wales, and their Royal Highnesses were present at an excellent concert that had been arranged for the occasion.

Princess Christian, who was accompanied by her daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, opened on June 29 the new buildings of the Cripples' Home for Girls in the Marylebone-road, in the presence of a large number of the friends of that charity. Her Royal Highness was received by Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lord Kinnaird, the President, the Bishop of Baharat, the Rev. Canon Barker, and others.



Inner Court.
The Moat House
Igham.



The
Entrance
Tower.



A corner
of the Moat.



The
Moat House.
Igham
Kent.

J. HAINES



IN THE ROYAL PARK, TOKIO, JAPAN.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.



CHERRY-PICKING FOR THE LONDON MARKET.

THE COURT.

STATE CONCERT.

By command of the Queen, a State Concert was given on June 28 at Buckingham Palace.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales and Prince George of Wales, escorted by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards, arrived at the garden entrance of the palace from Marlborough House.

Prince Christian, Princess Christian, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein were present; and Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince and Princess and Princess Alberta of Leiningen, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, Countess Feodore Gleichen, Countess Victoria Gleichen, and Count Edward Gleichen were invited.

The Royal Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard was on duty in the interior of the palace, under the command of Colonel Sir F. Morley, K.C.B., the Exon-in-Waiting; and a guard of honour of the 1st Coldstreams was mounted in the quadrangle of the palace.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family, conducted by the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain, and attended by the great officers of State and the ladies and gentlemen of the household in waiting, entered the saloon shortly before eleven o'clock, when the concert immediately commenced.

The Princess of Wales wore a dress of pale blue satin richly embroidered with gold; corsage to correspond. Headdress: A tiara of sapphires and diamonds. Ornaments: Sapphires and diamonds. Orders: Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, St. John of Jerusalem, the Jubilee commemoration medal, and the Danish family order.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein wore a gown of mauve bengaline trimmed with old Irish point lace. Headdress: Tiara of diamonds. Ornaments: Emeralds and diamonds. Orders: Crown of India, Victoria and Albert, Jubilee Medal, St. Catherine of Russia, Royal Red Cross, and St. John of Jerusalem.

Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales wore dresses of white tulle over satin, with pale yellow moiré sashes; corsage of satin. Orders: Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, St. John of Jerusalem, Jubilee commemoration medal. Ornaments: Pearls, diamonds, and sapphires.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein wore a gown of pale blue poul-de-soie and crêpe. Ornaments: Pearls and diamonds. Orders: Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, Jubilee commemoration medal.

A large number of persons of distinction were invited.

Among the singers were Mesdames Albani, Giulia Valda, Scalchi; Mr. Barton McGuckin and Signor Palermi.

The orchestra and chorus, consisting of 160 performers, comprised her Majesty's Private Band, assisted by members selected from the principal orchestral and choral societies in London.

THE LEVEE.

By command of the Queen, a Levée was held on June 29, at St. James's Palace, by the Prince of Wales on behalf of her Majesty; presentations to his Royal Highness at this Court being, by the Queen's pleasure, considered as equivalent to presentations to her Majesty.

The Prince was accompanied in the throne-room by Prince George of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. The Prime Minister and almost all the Cabinet were in attendance, and the "general circle" was a fairly large one. About 170 presentations were made. Her Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms stood on duty; the Royal Bodyguard of Yeomen lined the stairways and saloons, and a guard of honour of the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstreams was mounted in the court of the palace. The Archbishop of Cyprus was among those presented.

A ROYAL BAPTISM.

The baptism of the infant son of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg was solemnised in the nave of St. George's Chapel on June 29. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor performed the ceremony. Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Prussia, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe (Lady-in-Waiting), were seated to the right of the sponsors and their representatives. Princess Christian and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein occupied seats near her Majesty.

The sponsors were the King of the Belgians, represented by the Prince of Wales; Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Connaught, represented by Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein; the Countess of Erbach-Schoenberg (Princess Marie of Battenberg), represented by the Princess of Leiningen; and Prince Louis of Battenberg, represented by the Marquis of Lorne. The Ladies and Gentlemen-in-Waiting were seated in the aisle.

The service commenced with a hymn, when the Hon. Lady Biddulph conducted the infant Prince, carried by the nurse, into the chapel. When the Dean commenced the prayer the Hon. Lady Biddulph placed the infant Prince in the arms of Princess Louise, who handed him to the Dean. The Prince received the names of Leopold Arthur Louis.

Baron Solvyns (Belgian Minister) and Viscount Cross, G.C.B., were present, as well as the members of her Majesty's Household.

On returning from the chapel her Majesty, with the Royal family, received the ladies and gentlemen in the Green Drawing-Room, where refreshments were served, and her Majesty gave the health of Prince Leopold of Battenberg.

Mr. Alderman Knill and Mr. Harris have been elected Sheriffs of London.

At a meeting held at Wakefield on June 28, a committee recommended that Hall Croft, Mirfield, should be purchased for £10,000 as a residence for Dr. Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield.

The spacious galleries of Burlington House were filled, on June 27, by a brilliant gathering of artistic and social celebrities, on the occasion of the annual soirée given by the President and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts. The guests, who were received by Sir Frederick Leighton, numbered between two and three thousand.

A public meeting in support of the objects of the Bishop of London's Fund was held on June 27 at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor in the chair. The Bishop of London moved a resolution affirming that the rapid and continued extension of the area and population of the metropolis would be attended by great spiritual destitution if a corresponding increase were not made in the number of clergy and churches to meet the wants of the newly settled districts, which, during the last quarter of a century, had been to a great extent accomplished chiefly through the efforts made in connection with the Bishop of London's Fund. He said that the income that they had to carry on this work was a little over £20,000 a year, which certainly did not suffice for the great needs of the metropolis. Earl Stanhope seconded the resolution, which, after being supported by the Bishop of Bedford and others, was agreed to.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

HERBERT JACOBS.—We are glad to greet your return to the problem world, and shall pay due attention to your contribution.

JOHN WATKINS (Leeds).—Your suggestions have had our careful consideration, but we cannot see our way to carry them out. No priority is intended in the list of solvers' names; they are written down as they come to hand from our pile of correspondence. We are pleased to hear from you after so long an interval.

MRS. KELLY.—We think your problem exceedingly good for a first attempt, and it shall appear in due course. We presume you do not wish to appear anonymously.

R. F. N. B. (Birkenhead).—Your suggested second solution of No. 2359 is wrong. You have overlooked the effect of R takes P.

F. N. BRAUND.—Received with the usual gratitude.

E. F. A.—"Cook's Chess Primer," J. and W. Griffin, Observer-buildings, Walsall. Price 1s.

J. D. T. (Leeds).—Problem No. 2358 is rightly printed, and quite sound.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2354 received from W. Scougal (Dakota) and J. W. (Natal); of No. 2355 from Colonel J. Herchel (R.E.) and F. H. (New York); of No. 2356 from J. W. Shaw (Montreal) and Trial; of No. 2357 from O. J. Gibbs and Trial; of No. 2358 from Brutus, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), Fenetta Glyde, T. G. (Ware), Schersides, D. McCoy (Galway), J. T. W., O. J. Gibbs, H. S. B. (Shooter's-hill), and Columbus.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2359 received from Hereward, Bernard Reynolds, Fr. Fernando, T. G. (Ware), W. R. Rattem, J. Hall, R. Worters (Canterbury), E. Casella (Paris), Howard A. Dawn, Martin F. Thomas Chown, A. Newman, Herbert Taylor, Jupiter Junior, Julia Short, John H. Vickers (Newcastle), John Watkins (Leeds), L. Desanges, J. B. Tucker (Leeds), John Dadsen, T. Roberts, A. W. Hamilton (Gell) (Exeter), J. T. W., O. J. Gibbs, R. H. Brooks, Mrs. Kelly, E. F. A., Dr. F. St. Brutus, F. Mackie, Swyre, R. F. N. Banks, J. Coad, S. Mahoney (Birkenhead), J. Ross (Whitley), James Paul (Tulse-hill), J. Dixon, W. Wright, and J. Ryder.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2357.—By D. McCoy.

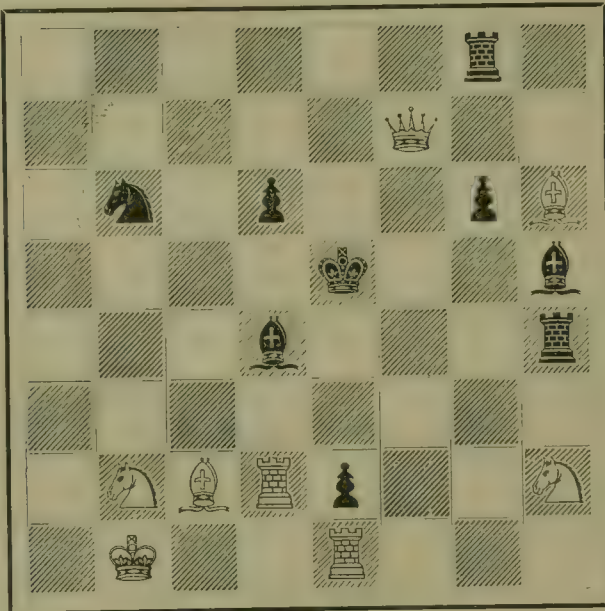
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 6th K moves
2. Kt to B 8th (ch) K moves
3. Q mates.

This problem can also be solved by 1. B to Kt 5th, P takes B; 2. Kt to B 6th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2361.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the British Chess Club between Messrs. T. HEWITT and A. HUNTER.

(King's Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. B takes Q P. If now Q takes B, then	23. B takes K R P, and must win.
2. P to B 4th	K Kt to B 3rd	21.	K to R sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Q B 4th	22. R to K Kt sq	R to K Kt sq
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	23. B to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
5. P to Q 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	24. P to K B 4th	P to K B 3rd
6. Kt to Q R 4th		25. P takes Q P	

P to K R 3rd would also be a good move here.

6. B to Q Kt 3rd
7. Kt takes B
8. Q to K 2nd
9. P to Q B 3rd
10. P to K R 3rd
11. Castles
12. P to Q R 3rd
13. Q to K 3rd

This seems to unnecessarily block the development of the Q R, which might, with effect, be played to K Kt 5th.

13. P to Q 4th
14. B to Q Kt 3rd
15. Kt to K R 4th

The capture of the K P can apparently be made here without danger.

15. P to K R 3rd
16. Kt to K B 5th
17. P to K Kt 4th
18. Kt P takes B
19. K to R 2nd

K to R 2nd is much better. Valuable time is lost by the text move, as well as by the one following.

19. P to K R 4th
20. Q to Kt 3rd
21. K to R 2nd

White misses his opportunity here; for, suppose 21. P takes Q P, P takes P;

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ware between Mr. F. N. BRAUND and Mr. X—

(King's Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. X.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. X.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P takes P
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	15. P takes P	P to K B 4th
3. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	16. Q to K 2nd	
4. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q B 4th		
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
6. P to Q Kt 4th			

The opening now resolves itself into Bird's variation of the Giuoco Piano.

6. B to Kt 3rd
7. P to Q R 4th
8. P to R 5th
9. B to Kt 3rd

Loss of time: White should continue with 9. Q to Kt 3rd, followed by Kt to R 3rd, and B to K 3rd.

9. Q to K 2nd
10. B to Kt 5th
11. B takes Kt

A very injudicious exchange, opening the Knight's file, and giving him the opportunity of instituting a strong attack.

11. P takes B
12. B to R 4th
13. B takes Kt (ch) P takes B

The result of the International Correspondence Tourney, organised by Mr. G. B. Fraser some eighteen months ago, has resulted in a victory for the veteran Scotch player himself; Mr. Barry, of Dublin, being second.

We have received from Mr. W. W. Morgan a third book of "Morgan's Shilling Library," being a selection of forty-two games from the recent American Tournament. Serving to keep in a collected form much that has already appeared in the daily and weekly press, this, and another volume to succeed it, will be useful to many who find the authorised transactions of the congress beyond their reach. We ought to say the work is copiously illustrated with diagrams.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

Everyone is talking of the leprosy scare. The newspapers have been full of the topic for some weeks past; the death of the heroic Father Damien having sounded the keynote of the agitation. The remark of the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House regarding the presence of a leper in the Metropolitan Meat Market, has somewhat been softened down, as regards the uneasy feeling it created, by the discovery that the man in question is not an employé of the market, but a retailer of meat in a small way of business in the East-End of London. It is, of course, not a desirable or pleasant idea that anyone suffering from this serious disease should be in any way associated with food supply; and it is to be hoped that means will be taken to prevent the continuance of the unfortunate patient in his present vocation.

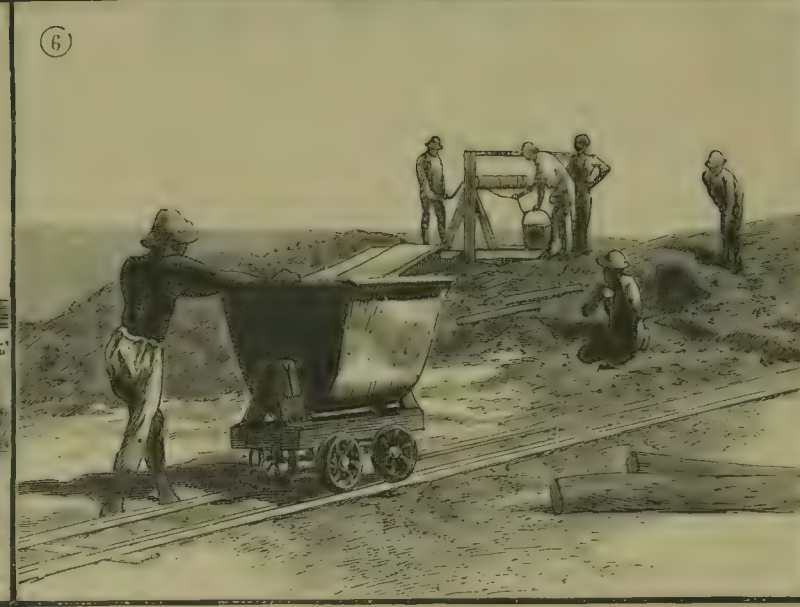
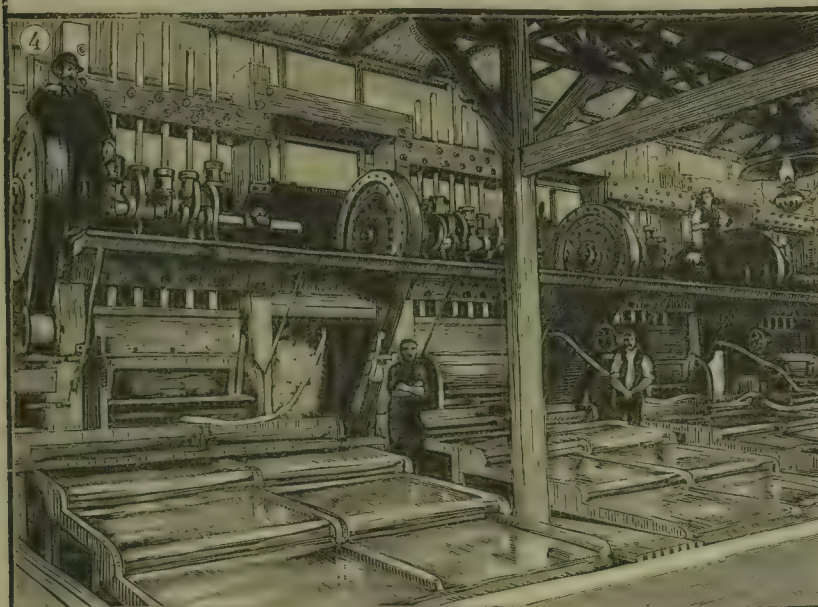
I say possible, for the question whether or not leprosy is a contagious disease is still unsettled. If any of my readers care to dip, even cursorily, into the history of leprosy they will find themselves between a perfect battery of conflicting opinions. On the one hand it is asserted that leprosy is infectious, and on the other hand this assertion is strenuously denied. Cases are quoted by way of showing that association with lepers has produced disease in healthy persons; instances are given, with equal facility, in which such close association has had no effect whatever in propagating the ailment. When doctors differ who shall decide? But it appears to me there does exist an explanation of the conflicting views. Leprosy I believe to be a contagious disease, capable of being communicated, but only feebly so. As the communication of a feebly infectious trouble must be subject to many and great variations, we may explain, on the ground of such differences (both in the disease and in the persons of those exposed to it), why one person succumbs to it and why another never exhibits a trace of the malady. Father Damien himself lived with the lepers of Molokai in the closest possible association, tending them, dressing their wounds, and even burying them; and yet it was full eleven years before the devoted priest showed signs of the disease. Either, therefore, Father Damien was a singularly unsusceptible subject, or, what is more likely, the infection of leprosy is, at the best, of feeble nature. On any view of the case, however, I see no reason to accept the egregiously alarmist opinion of one author that the disease constitutes a national danger. Such an opinion is too one-sided to be of true scientific value.

"Why does a cat not suffer from concussion when it falls from a height?" is a question which has been seriously propounded in my hearing more than once. The replies to this question have varied very much in nature, and have included, as a rule, the features of the pads on the cat's feet, and the general elasticity of its body as main points in the explanation. I have just met with another suggestion which is possibly worth mention here. It seems to be clear that any animal would be subject to brain-concussion when thrown from a height, but it is evident our felines are happily innocent of such a contingency. Their immunity in this respect is probably to be referred to the fact that in the conformation of the cat's skull we find a special bony ridge or shelf, which projects from its sides into its interior. Such a bony process must tend to consolidate and fix the brain parts so as to obviate the shock of a fall. It is present in other carnivorous animals, and may doubtless be regarded as a provision against the risks which the nocturnal habits of these animals entail. In animals progressing by leaps and bounds, as do the cat-tribes, we may readily discern the advantages of such a modification of skull-structure.

The recent death of Laura Bridgman, the famous deaf and blind mute, recalls to mind the curious circumstances under which a human life, otherwise incapacitated for a useful or intelligent existence, may be rescued by appropriate training and education. When a child of two years of age, Laura Bridgman became deaf and blind. She also lost the sense of smell in a large measure. Dr. Howe, when she was seven years of age, received her into his house at Boston, and began the arduous task of educating her. After twenty years' study, she was able to converse readily and rapidly by signs, to read books printed in raised letters, to keep a diary, and to write letters. This case constitutes a landmark in the education of deaf mutes. Anything more hopeless, apparently, than the attempt to educate idiot and imbecile children cannot well be conceived: yet a visit to such an institution as the Royal Albert Asylum at Lancaster, which I remember visiting some years ago, will convince anyone what method and patience are capable of accomplishing in this direction.

The following incident, culled from the pages of the *Revue Scientifique*, is worth recording as a contribution to the facts of inheritance of terror by animals. For about twenty years the correspondent who narrates the incident was in the habit of visiting two or three times each year a farm where was kept a flock of geese, numbering from thirty to thirty-five in the early part of the winter. In the spring, four or five were left for breeding purposes; these also generally being killed a few months later, after the new broods had attained their growth. In the month of July, 1862, on a feast day, the farmer and his men being absent, the geese were forgotten, and were attacked by dogs, which killed the most of them. The next evening at twilight the farmer thought they must have been attacked a second time. He found them flying about in their pen, much frightened, but the dogs were nowhere to be seen. The next day this terror reappeared at the same hour as it did on the following day, and from that time on. The correspondent of the *Revue* had forgotten this fact, when, ten years later, he chanced to be on the farm one evening and heard the cackling of the apparently frightened geese. When he asked for an explanation he was told that this had been kept up from the time they had been attacked by the dogs, that there had been no repetition of the attack, and that the flock had been renewed in the meantime at least three times. If this story is well authenticated we have a case of the transmission of terror to the third generation in a family of geese. I expect the instance is not a solitary one by any means, and that emotions may be, and are, handed down in lower life oftener than we suppose.

One of the latest projects I remember to have read of in the way of medical experimentation, is that reported from Berlin. At a village near the capital, a sanitarium has been erected for the purpose of subjecting consumptive patients to the beneficial influences supposed to be exerted on their cases by association with certain animals. Thus a residence near cows has been asserted to benefit the disease, and accordingly large numbers of these animals will be stabled on the ground-floor, while the patients live above. Professor Jaccoud, of Paris, approves of this cowshed treatment, and recommends milk to be taken by patients in the stables.—ANDREW WILSON.



1. Cornucopia Gold-Mining Company: Tiffin-time.

4. Meyer and Charlton Gold-Mining Company: The new 40-stamp Battery.

7. Glencairn Gold-Mining Company: The new Tramway.

2. Moss Rose Extension Gold-Mining Company: Erecting the new 20-stamp Battery.

5. Ollifant's Vly Gold-Mining Company: Hauling Gear at Main Shaft.

8. Robinson Gold-Mining Company: Mouth of the Incline Shaft.

3. Jubilee Gold-Mining Company: Exterior View of Battery House.

6. Truck on the old Tramway.

9. National Gold-Mining Company: After Blasting.

A SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD-FIELD: WITWATERSRAND, TRANSVAAL.



1. Mr. Walter Gliber's Hackney Sire "County Member."
2. Lord Wantage's Champion Prize Horse "Prince William."
3. Mr. Alfred Lewis's "Tip-Top Shot."
4. Mr. Christopher Wilson's "Pomfret Wonder."

5. Mr. Christopher Wilson's Mare "Snorer," with Foal.
6. Mr. J. N. Anthony's Yearling Colt "County Alderman."
7. The Duke of Sutherland's "Lord of the Isles."
8. The Queen's "New Year's Gift."

9. Mr. Tyssen Amherst's "Emblem," Red-Polled Cow.
10. A Kerry Cow, with Calf born in the Show-Yard.
11. Mr. H. P. Green's "Wild Roy," Red-Polled Bull.



VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW, WINDSOR PARK.



OUTSIDE THE MISSION HOUSE AT ZANZIBAR.

THE WITWATERSRAND GOLD-FIELDS.

We present Sketches of several of the principal mines on the Witwatersrand Gold-Fields in the Transvaal. The history of these fields is certainly very remarkable. Since the first years of Californian and Australian gold-digging, there has been no such rapid development as that of Witwatersrand; and it is confidently anticipated that the New South African Gold-Fields will prove the richest the world has ever seen. On the site where now stands a prosperous town, Johannesburg, with a population estimated at from 20,000 to 25,000, there was nothing, three years since, but a vast expanse of almost uncultivated land. In place of a few scattered and miserable shanties called farm-houses, there are now, for a length of upwards of fifty miles, numerous habitations, ranging from the villas and residences of speculators and mining managers, to the modest houses of white miners and the huts of the Kaffir labourers. Almost every brook or rill has its line of batteries; and the noise of the stamps at work can be heard night and day crushing the quartz for gold.

The existence of payable gold on the Rand has only been discovered about three years and a half, although it was a long time ago that Herr Mauch, a German explorer, travelling through these parts, declared that it was a rich gold-bearing country. The explorer, however, did not live to prove his statement. In a book, entitled "The Gold-Fields Revisited," the author states that many years ago, before Johannesburg was dreamt of, gold had been found in Witwatersrand. In 1854 appeared in a newspaper published in Bloemfontein, called the *Friend of the Free State*, a paragraph setting forth that a Dutchman named Jan Marais "went to work here at some spots which resemble the soil in the Australian diggings, and really succeeded in finding what he sought." The writer continues: "We understand that Marais is to get £500 for his discovery." It has frequently been stated that the Boers have for years been cognisant of the existence of gold, but have concealed the knowledge.

The conglomerate formation was first discovered in March, 1885, but it was not until twelve months after that date that the Witwatersrand Gold-Fields were officially recognised. Information was given to the Government in May, 1886, by Colonel Ferreira, C.M.G., that rich gold-reefs had been found in the neighbourhood of Gatsrand, a parallel range to Witwatersrand. This news did not at first command much attention, but the President and Executive of the South African Republic requested Colonel Ferreira to report, and promised to proclaim the district, if the place was proved to contain payable gold. On July 18, 1886, the Government proclaimed and threw open nine farms, namely, those of Tanglaagte, Driefontein, Randjeslaagte, Doornfontein, Vogelstruisfontein, Paardeplaats, Turffontein, Elandsfontein, and Roodepoort.

There were very few diggers at that time "looking for luck" in Witwatersrand, but when the richness of the "find" got talked about there was a general rush of people from all parts of South Africa, anxious to participate in the search for gold. The town was laid out and grew up very quickly. In the meanwhile, the gold-bearing reefs were being developed, and exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

At present there are over two thousand stamps either working or under erection, all of which have been manufactured in England or America. The yield of gold in March last was over 28,000 oz. There are a number of mining companies now at work on the Rand. Among the best known are those of which we give the following list:—

Balmoral Main Reef Gold-Mining Company: capital,

£175,000; working capital, £25,000.—This property consists of 102 acres on the Farm Driefontein, purchased from the Witwatersrand Gold-Mining Company. The main reef runs through the entire property, and a thirty-stamp Sandycroft battery is under order. The secretaries are Messrs. J. Stroyan and Co., the leading brokers of Johannesburg.

Cornucopia Gold-Mining Company: capital, £100,000; working capital, £20,000.—The property consists of fifty acres on the richest part of the Black Reef. It is situated about eight miles from Johannesburg, and has ten stamps at work. A tramway has been laid from the mine to the battery. Mr. Samuel Height, an American gentleman of great enterprise and a firm believer in Black Reef properties, was the chief promoter of this company.

Glencairn Gold-Mining Company: capital, £175,000; working capital, £25,000.—The Glencairn, one of the most promising main reef companies on the Rand, consists of 102 acres on the Farm Driefontein, and was purchased from the Witwatersrand Gold-Mining Company. The secretary, Mr. John Stroyan, is one of the most prominent pioneers of the gold-fields. Mr. B. J. Barnate, M.L.A., known as the Gold King, is the colonial millionaire, and in financial circles is regarded as the most important individual in South Africa. Mr. Barnate is a self-made man, and, though only thirty-four years of age, is a member of the Cape Legislative Assembly, a Life Governor of the Consolidated Mines of South Africa, Chairman of the Glencairn Gold-Mining Company, the Eagle Gold-Mining Company, the National Gold-Mining Company, the Johannesburg Land Estate Company, and Director of the Johannesburg Waterworks Company.

Jubilee Gold-Mining Company: nominal capital, £22,000; working capital, £13,000.—The property consists of eight claims on the main reef. It possesses twenty-three stamps, eighteen Sandycroft and five Harvey. From January to Sept. 30 last year the crushing was 1073 tons of quartz, yielding 2427 oz. of gold. Dividends paid, 10 per cent from April, 1887, to June, 1888.

Meyer and Charlton Gold-Mining Company: capital, £43,000.—This property consists of eight claims, of which three are on the main reef, and five on the south dip, on the farm Doornfontein, and near to the City and Suburban Gold-Mine. Machinery: thirty stamps in full working order. Crushings: September, 1100 oz.; October, 1000 oz.; November, 870 oz.; December, 971 oz. Dividend of 10 per cent declared in October, 1888, and one of 10 per cent in November. Mr. Charlton is by far the most practical mine-owner on the gold-fields; and to his shrewdness and industry he owes his present influential position.

Moss-Rose Gold-Mining Company: original capital, £27,000; vendors, £20,000; subscribed, £7000; capital increased in April, 1887, to £37,000.—The property consists of fourteen claims on the farm Elandsfontein, of which ten-and-a-half claims are on the main reef, and lie between the New Primrose Company and the May Company. The remaining three-and-a-half claims adjoin the New Primrose on the north side. Machinery: ten-stamp battery. Crushings: August, 1035 oz.; October, 925½ oz.; November, 1000 oz. The dividends for August, 1888, were at the rate of 5 per cent, and the same in September, October, and December.

Moss-Rose Extension Gold-Mining Company: capital, £125,000; working capital, £21,000.—The property consists of thirty-three claims, adjoining the Moss-Rose and May Companies. A twenty-stamp battery (Sandycroft) is now erected, and will start working on April 26. The quantity crushed in October, 1888, was 414 oz.; in November (seven days),

292 oz.; December, 329 oz.—a five-stamp battery being the crushing power. The dividend declared was 12 per cent for the three months. Mr. J. E. Mears, the chairman and one of the promoters of this successful company, is a well-known speculator and financier.

National Gold-Mining Company: original capital, £35,000; vendors, £25,000; subscribed, £8000; reserved, £2000. In October, 1888, the capital was increased to £50,000.—The property consists of 11½ claims on the main reef on the farm Paardekraal, and 23 claims adjoining to the south on two parallel blocks. Machinery, ten head of stamps. Crushings, September, 1888, 400 oz.; October, 1888, 404 oz.

Robinson Gold-Mining Company: nominal capital, £50,000; working capital, £5000.—The property consists of Bezuidenhout Mynpacht, on the farm Turffontein, with twenty-four claims along the line of the main reef. The remainder of the claims lie mostly to the south. The total returns from January to November, 1888, inclusive, were 22,147 oz. 14 dwt.; value, £77,500.

Oliphant's Vly Gold-Mining Company: capital, £250,000; working capital, £20,000.—The property consists of a portion of the Oliphant's Vly Farm, and is situated on the Klip River, a few miles from Johannesburg. It is being quickly developed; and a forty-stamp Sandycroft battery is under order, when good returns may be expected.

Eagle Gold-Mining Company: capital, £350,000.—A farm of about 410 acres, containing three distinct reefs running through the entire property, besides a bank of rich alluvial. Of the three reefs, the one known as the "Eagle" is considered the richest ever discovered on the Rand, and pannings show, in some cases, as high as thirty ounces to the ton. A ten-stamp battery is under order; also machinery for working alluvial. The secretaries are Messrs. J. Stroyan and Co.

CIVIL ESTABLISHMENTS.

The third report of the Royal Commission on Civil Establishments states that the commissioners are satisfied that the Customs and Inland Revenue of the country is now, as a whole, collected at reasonable cost, and in a manner which cannot be regarded as inconvenient to the tax-payers. They are therefore of opinion that no case has been made out for amalgamating the two departments. With the view of bringing the boards of both departments into closer relation, however, they recommend reforms in organisation, and suggest that to provide for there being always at least two Commissions in attendance at all times of the year as well as for inspection duties, the Customs board should consist, as at present, of a chairman, deputy chairman, and one other commissioner. They are not prepared to recommend the reduction of the Inland Revenue Board to so small a number, but consider that the officials enumerated should be sufficient to carry on its duties. The commissioners also recommend the adoption of a scheme by which the ultimate abolition of the office of Receiver-General would be effected at an immediate saving of about £800 a year.

Sir Charles Lewis, M.P., is in favour of complete amalgamation; otherwise he adopts the report. Mr. Lawson, M.P., has also signed a dissentient report, holding that the balance of evidence and opinion is in favour of amalgamation on the grounds of financial economy, administrative efficiency, and commercial convenience. For reasons which he enumerates, he has formed the conclusion that an entire consolidation would be expedient and opportune, but, short of a thorough reform of that kind, he concurs fully with the recommendations of the majority.

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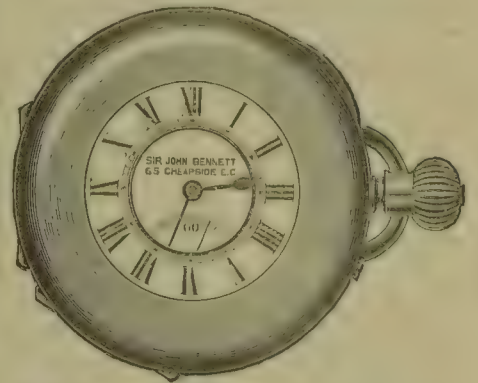


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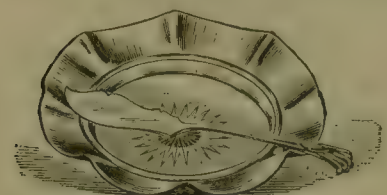
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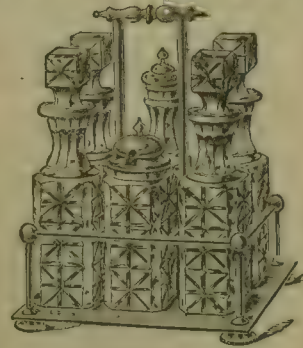
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

"Everybody" has been out to Windsor to see the wonderful Jubilee show of the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain. It is so seldom now that the Queen goes to any function in person that the announcement of her intention to attend the Exhibition in Windsor Park drew exceptional crowds there. Though the charge was half-a-crown, over thirty thousand people had entered by payment, exclusive of members with tickets, on "the Queen's day" before three o'clock in the afternoon. There was room for them all, however, inasmuch as the avenues, the sheds, the tents, and the roads included within the ring fence of the show offered over thirty miles of promenade to the visitor.

What a show! Miles, literally miles, of cows and horses in stalls; other miles of reaping machines, threshing machines, patent cream separators, novel kinds of windmills, and what not of the paraphernalia of modern farming, all so newly invented that it would make Squire Western or one of his contemporaries of a hundred years ago, if he returned to earth, think that he must have alighted on some other planet by mistake, so completely do they alter the character of agricultural work; miles more of sheep, and fowls, and bee-hives, and bins of cattle foods, and cheeses, and churns, and carts, and waggons, and harness, and incubators, and a hundred other farm necessities and conveniences, all arranged in appropriate buildings: a perfect town, the erection of which was begun last January, and which has cost, all told, over fifty thousand pounds!

The Queen's pavilion, of which a Sketch was published in these columns last week, was a triumph. It was constructed of a kind of cement, forming panels between crossway beams of white wood, with wooden roof painted red, Queen Anne gables, verandahs up which creeping plants were climbing, and gravel walks and lawns and parterres bright with bedding plants all around. The luxuriance of the flowers and creepers, as well as the substantial character of the structure, made it appear as though it had stood there for years. In two of the flower-beds great "V.R.'s" were formed with blue nemophila, while the other patches of colour amid the gravel walks were of all the old-fashioned sweet-scented blossoms that seem particularly appropriate round a cottage. Inside, the pavilion was magnificently upholstered, and had yellow silk hangings, the folds of which were caught together with embroidery stitches.

Not far short of forty thousand people, then, awaited the coming of the Queen. The grand stand was crowded to excess with a very mixed crowd three hours before her Majesty was expected to arrive. An unusually small portion of the stand was reserved, so that many distinguished persons had to wander in the crowd. Among those near the chair of state for the Queen were Countess Spencer, in black-and-grey check foulard with white mousseline-de-soie full vest; and Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in a blue foulard patterned with white, made with three panels of white moiré down the front, and a similar vest; the Baroness also wore a white Brussels-lace cape, and a white tulle bonnet with a quantity of white feathers.

Her Majesty came into the show-ground with no escort, nor was the line of her route kept save by a few policemen stationed at intervals along the wooden-bar fence that marked off the carriage-road. Secure in the affection of the people, the Queen rode unguarded through the midst of 40,000 of cheering and enthusiastic subjects. Her procession consisted of three carriages, each drawn by four grey horses. Mr. (now Sir) Jacob Wilson,

the hon. director of the show, mounted on a fine black horse, led the way. In the first carriage was the Queen, dressed, as usual, in plain loose black attire, with a large black net bonnet relieved by a small white spray. At her side sat the Princess of Wales, in a very becoming dress of the darkest green foulard patterned with a running design of willow branches and catkins in the bright green of that tree; her bonnet was of black net, with a coronet front of green leaves and a branch of natural white lilac, of which there was also a spray at the throat. Opposite in the carriage were Princess Beatrice in plain black silk, and Princess Christian in bright heliotrope surah, with white bonnet. The other carriages were occupied by junior members of the Royal family, including Princess Victoria of Wales, in white, with cherry-coloured velvet braces and belt, and Princess May of Teck, in deep mourning for her late grandmother, wearing a pleated black nun's veiling dress, with crape revers. Her Majesty walked on to the dais by means of a sloping platform laid across to the carriage, so that she had not to go up or down any steps. Seated in her chair of state, she watched the parade of about two hundred prize horses of various classes.

More magnificent animals could not be imagined. The perfection of shape and the pink of condition is the only way of describing their characteristics. Even the great "Clydesdales," the heavy farm steeds, were resplendent with coats shining like burnished copper, had their hoofs cleanly brushed, and the long shaggy hair that adorns the ankles of that breed washed and combed like a lady's lap-dog. They had their tails plaited and tied up fancifully with ribbon, and altogether looked absurdly like honest working-people in their best clothes out for a holiday. The thoroughbreds and hackneys were the superb patricians; but their bearing sadly lacked repose, for they pranced and threw up their forelegs in very alarming fashion as they were startled by the cheers and the gazing faces of the multitude. Taken altogether, it was a display such as no other country in the world could make, and an exceptionally grand one even for England.

Princess Louise of Wales's betrothal is received with sympathetic interest, and the marriage of another Princess to a British Peer will be generally approved. The public would doubtless be better satisfied of the romance if the bridegroom had not reached his fortieth year, and been for a long time an intimate and almost contemporary friend of the bride's father. But outsiders cannot judge of these matters. Lord Fife is said to be the choice of the gentle young Princess herself, of whom he is, by-the-way, a "left-handed" cousin, his grandmother being a daughter of William IV.

It is curious how difficult it is for men, even when they recognise injustices in the law towards women, to convince themselves that they should make the scale absolutely even. Mr. Ambrose has introduced a Bill into the House of Commons dealing with the position of the widow of an intestate. In case a wife possessed of property in her own right dies without making a will, all that she leaves goes to her husband, not even her children having any share of it. But when a husband dies without making a will, his freehold property passes to his eldest son, and of the personally the widow can only claim one-third, the remainder going to the male heirs-at-law. There is no apparent reason why the sauce for the goose in this respect should be so different from that used for the gander. If a man wished to leave his property away from his wife, he could make a will; but if he do not do so, the wife as clearly has a right to it as the husband to the property of an intestate wife.

Probably it would be more wise and just if the law in such cases provided for the children of a married couple, not giving everything absolutely to the survivor of a marriage; but, at any rate, however the law treats the widower, it should treat the widow of an intestate in the same manner. Mr. Ambrose, however, does not perceive the propriety of equal dealing between husband and wife. He proposes that the widow of an intestate should be entitled to make a first charge of £500 on an estate, or where the estate is less than that sum to give it all to the widow.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Mr. Mercer has been elected Common Councilman for the Ward of Bishopsgate.

The Governorship of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich will be bestowed on Major-General Sir R. Harrison, Royal Engineers.

Mr. William Edward Mirehouse, of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed to the Recordership of Much Wenlock, in succession to Mr. Haden Corser, recently appointed a Metropolitan Police Magistrate.

The award of the arbitrators in the turf libel case has been issued. They decide the two principal issues in favour of Sir G. Chetwynd, and assess the damages at a farthing. They direct that Lord Durham and Sir G. Chetwynd shall each pay his own costs, and half the costs of the award.

In the Bushey Paddocks at Hampton Court, on June 29, twenty-eight yearlings, the property of the Queen, were disposed of by auction. Satisfactory prices were realised, the total amount of the sale being 11,745 guineas. The highest price given was 3000 guineas for a bay colt by Hampton—Land's End; and the average price was about 420 guineas.

The North-East London Institute and School of Music, Science, and Art, Hackney-downs, which, in its second session just concluded, has over 500 students, has received a gift of £800, from two ladies resident in the district, towards the erection of new and permanent premises. The lady students of the institute are organising a fancy bazaar in aid of the new building fund.

Although the Mansion House fund for the relief of the sufferers by the famine in China was closed at the end of May, subscriptions to the amount of £451 7s. 8d. have since been sent to the Lord Mayor from Sweden, Scotland, Ireland, and other parts, and this sum—making a total remittance in all of £31,301 7s. 8d.—was forwarded by telegram to the relief committee in Shanghai on Saturday. As the fund is now finally closed, no further donations will be accepted.

The Council of King's College, London, have filled up the head-mastership of their school by the appointment of Mr. C. W. Bourne, late scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. Mr. Bourne graduated as twenty-sixth wrangler, and second class in classics, and proceeded immediately to a mastership at Marlborough. He was then for some years head-master of the Bedford Court School, and is now head-master of the College at Inverness.

Lady George Hamilton presented the prizes to the members of the London Naval Volunteers on June 29. Among the company were Lord Brassey, Lord Sidmouth, and Sir A. Rollit, M.P. At the conclusion of the presentation Lord Brassey said he had great faith in the Naval Volunteer movement. The last occasion he had the pleasure of assisting at a distribution of prizes was in Sydney Harbour, where there was a large body of Volunteers who had been brought into existence by the excellent example set them by the London Naval Volunteers.

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The **TAMWORTH SUITE**, in polished or fumigated oak, walnut, or mahogany, comprising six ordinary, two easy chairs, and handsome couch, in leather, extending dining-table and sideboard, with cellaret, 27 guineas; an excellent suite, at a medium price.

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BED-ROOM SUITES.

The **WHITBY SUITE**, in solid ash or walnut, consisting of wardrobe with plate-glass door, toilet-table, with glass affixed, washstand, with marble top and tile back, pedestal cupboard, and three chairs, £10 15s. Illustration free.

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The **SCARBOROUGH SUITE**, in solid ash or walnut, including wardrobe with plate-glass doors, and new-shaped washstand, £12 15s.; or with bedstead and spring bedding, £17 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES.

The **BOURNEMOUTH SUITE**, in solid ash, including 6ft. wardrobe, with plate-glass centre door, £18 10s.; or with handsome brass bedstead and spring bedding, £25 17s. Design and full particulars free.

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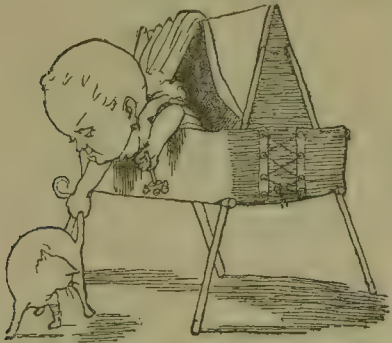
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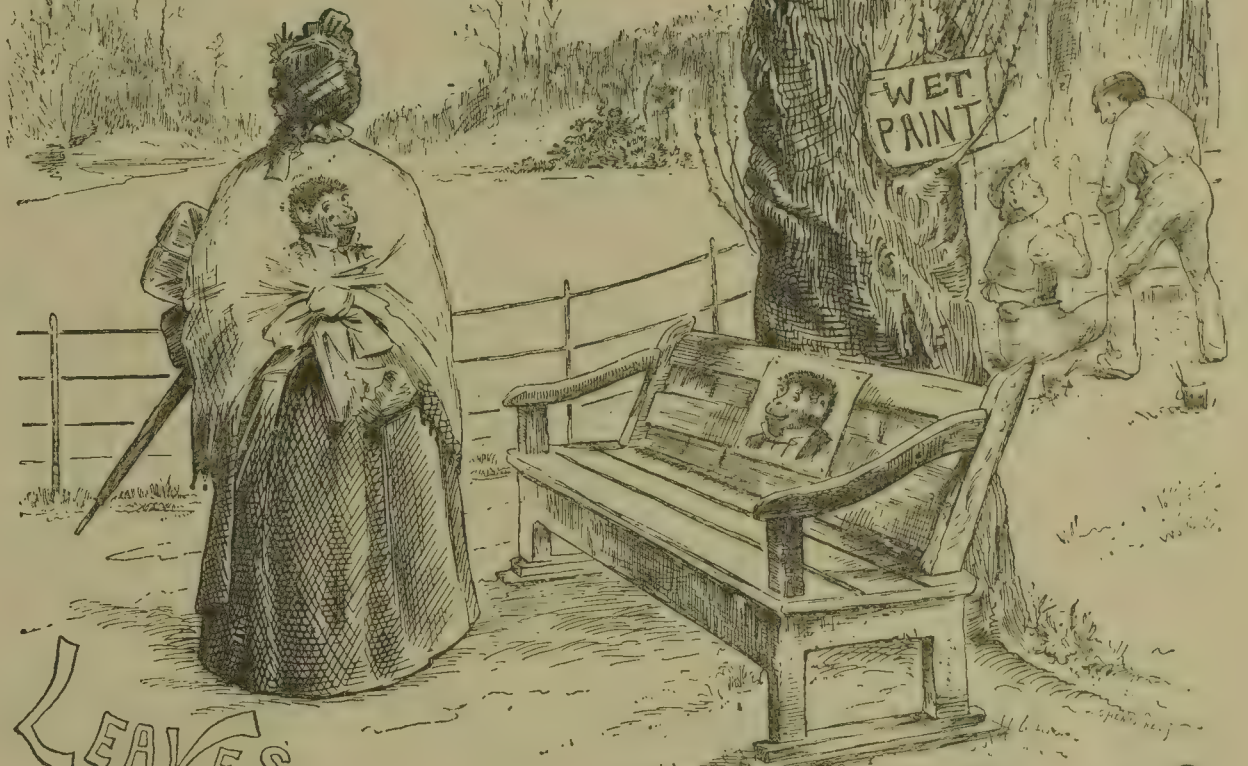
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since the opening of Mr. Harris's season, on May 18, there has been such activity in the number of performances, and such variety in the works produced, that repetitions naturally followed and prevailed of late. Mlle. Toni Schlager (the Viennese prima donna), whose recent successful debut here we have already chronicled, has maintained the good impression then made by her after-appearance as Leonora in "Il Trovatore," in which she manifested genuine dramatic sentiment and impressive declamation. An occasional forcing of the voice in strong emotional passages was the only objection that could be made. The occasion included the first appearance here of Mr. Leslie Crotty, who, as the Count di Luna, repeated, in Italian, an excellent performance that has often been witnessed in the English version of the opera, as given by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Other details of the occasion now referred to call for no comment. The programme prepared for the visit of the Shah, on July 2, comprised extracts from "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Faust," and "Mefistofele," in which several of the most distinguished artists of the company were associated. The operatic selection was varied by one of Beethoven's overtures, and the English and Persian national anthems were named in the programme.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

At this house also there have been repetitions of operas previously given. Madame Gargano has reappeared, and has quite maintained the good impression made by her recent debut here. In her repeated performance as the heroine in "Lucia di Lammermoor" the lady was associated with Signor Sindona as Edgardo. The new tenor sang carefully, and with some manifestations of vocal merit, but his voice seemed to be scarcely strong enough for so large a theatre. Other principal characters were filled as before. A performance of "Rigoletto" brought forward Miss Minnie Ewan, a young American, who made her first appearance in England as Gilda. The lady possesses an agreeable soprano voice, and much facile execution, together with considerable dramatic intelligence; and her favourable reception would seem to promise a successful career. Signor Galassi gave an effective rendering of the title-character, Mlle. Bellincioni sang well the little but important music of Maddalena, and

M. Warmuth, as the Duke, was more effective in the fine quartet of the last act than in previous instances.

The first of two concerts given by Herr Emil Bach included brilliant vocal performances by Madame Sembrich, who had not been heard here for several seasons. Her fine rendering of the scena of delirium from "Lucia di Lammermoor" was a special feature at the concert alluded to, which also included the skilful pianoforte-playing of Herr Bach, who brought forward a concerto of his own composition, a well-written piece, the middle movement of which, a "Romance," was especially admired. There were other attractive items in the programme, a full orchestra (conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins) having been an important one.

The London Sunday-School choirs and the Association of Tonic Sol-fa choirs recently gave festival performances at the Crystal Palace, the singing of juvenile and adult choristers having been very satisfactory. The concert of the last-named institution included Mendelssohn's "Athalia" music, with a choral fugue, written by the composer as the concluding number of the work, but not hitherto so given.

Recent announcements of miscellaneous concerts have included that of Miss Isaacson (a meritorious pianist); the matinee of Miss A. Vernon (vocalist) and Mlle. Vaillant (violinist); a violin and pianoforte recital by M. Tivada Nachez and Herr Friedheim; Fräulein Spies's second vocal recital; his last concert of the season by Herr Waldemar Meyer, the violinist; a vocal and pianoforte recital by the sisters the Countesses A. and E. Ferrari D'Ochieppo; and concerts by Herr J. Schubert, Signor Carpi, Mrs. M. Bolingbroke, Mr. B. Foote, Mr. Charles Carlyle, the Hyde Park Academy of Music, Signor Cristofaro, and the children's orchestra. At Mr. Sims Reeves's concert on July 6, at St. James's Hall, Mr. Henry Irving will recite Hood's "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

Miss Florence Ashe gave a pianoforte recital at Chelsea House, Cadogan-place, by permission of the Earl and Countess Cadogan.

Great interest attaches to the first production in this country of Verdi's latest opera, which, it was said, he intended to be his last work of the kind. His "Otello" was first performed at La Scala, Milan, in February, 1887; and, although

there were very soon afterwards urgent negotiations for its French opera at the Gaiety Theatre, and recently of French performance in London, these were not successful, and it was reserved for Mr. M. L. Mayer to realise what has been anxiously expected, and will be hailed with glad welcome. Verdi's "Otello" was announced for July 5, at the Lyceum Theatre, where twelve following performances will be given (up to July 27 inclusive), for which the vacation of Mr. Henry Irving's dramatic season offers convenient opportunity. The cast in the London performance includes the renowned tenor Signor Tamagno, in his original part, as Otello; M. Maurel, who was specially selected by Verdi, as the representative of Iago; and Signora Cataneo as Desdemona (which character she sustained, many times, with great success at Milan). With competent artists for subordinate parts, with an imported orchestra and chorus accustomed to the music, and with the eminent conductor of La Scala, at Milan—Signor Faccio, who directed the performances of "Otello" there—and with new scenery specially painted by Signor Zuccarelli for the London performances, there is every prospect of a great success; which is assuredly deserved, by the enterprise shown by Mr. Mayer in bringing forward so remarkable a work with such costly arrangements.

The same date as that fixed long previously for the London production of "Otello" was selected for the State concert at the Royal Albert Hall in honour of the Shah, the programme of which was of a character suited to the demonstrative nature of the occasion.

Madame Carlotta Patti (elder sister of Madame Adelina Patti) died recently at Paris. She possessed a brilliant soprano voice of almost phenomenally high compass, and appeared, some seasons since, at our Covent-garden opera establishment, but had, for some years past, devoted herself to giving lessons. She was married to M. De Munck, an eminent violoncellist.

At the annual celebration, held at Bristol, in connection with the Bristol Bishopric Fund, the committee reported, as the result of the efforts made for the restoration of the bishopric, that a suitable residence had been secured, and nearly £50,000 subscribed.

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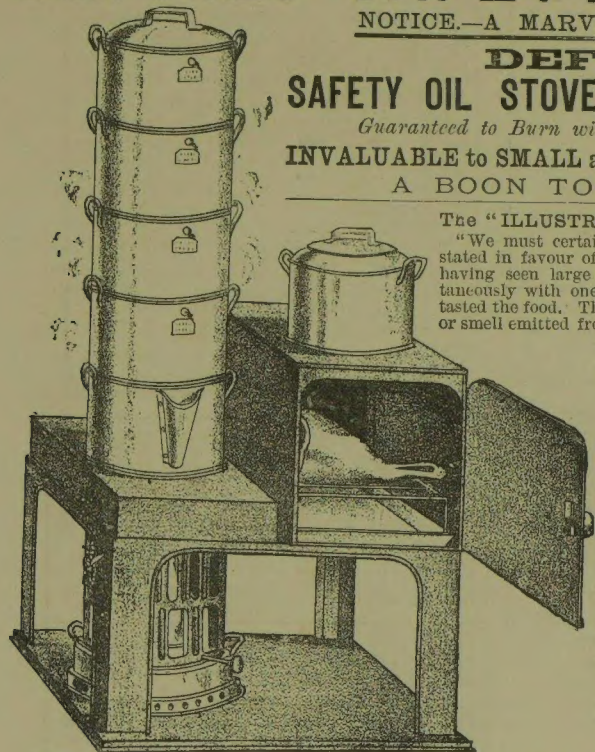
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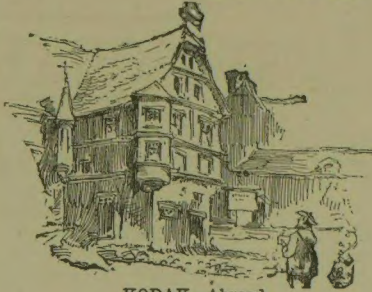


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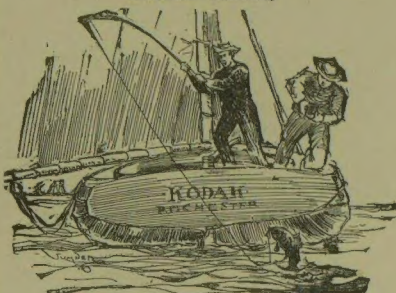
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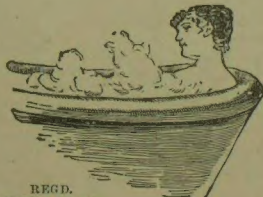
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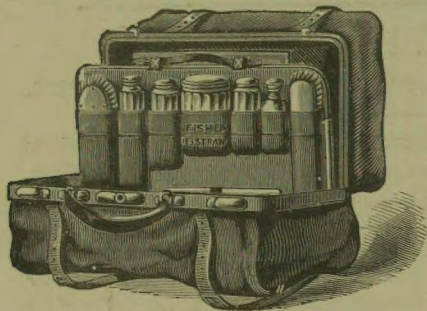
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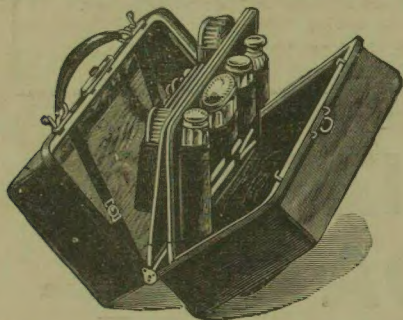
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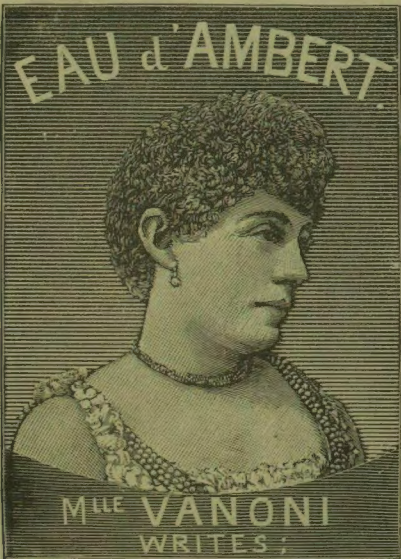
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